The Outlook

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The Balkan War: The Turks

The Turkish Government's request for an armistice interrupting the Balkan war was answered last week. After consulting the allied Governments of Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, the Bulgarian Government, according to report, imposed two conditions to an armistice, added to those already indicated in The Outlook as probable. These were the demolition of the Tchataldja forts, which form the outer line of the defense of Constantinople, and the unconditional surrender of Adrianople and the other strongholds, instead of the expected permission to the Turkish troops to march out with "the honors of war." These honors have been amply earned, claim the Turks and the European military officials in sympathy with them. As to Tchataldja, the Turks were no less resentful. Naturally, they were not willing to leave Constantinople open to Bulgarian attack at any time, though they must have seen that the Bulgarians would not be willing to leave the Turks free to amass an army on a possible new Bulgarian frontier under the protection of those forts. Hence, whatever might be said as to the other terms, these particular conditions appeared unjust and harsh to the Turks. Apparently they formed the rock on which the peace proposals finally split. At all events, the Turkish Government replied as follows:

> The Bulgarian Premier has addressed to the Ottoman Government a document containing conditions for an armistice, which were communicated to-day to the Council of Ministers and were considered to be unacceptable. Consequently . . . the Commissioner-in-Chief has been instructed to continue military operations, with the help of the Almighty, until reasonable and moderate conditions are proposed to us.

The phrase "with the help of the Almighty" has doubtless a special reference to the Sheik-ul-Islam's recent proclamation. The Sheik, as the chief Mohammedan prelate, ordered a hundred eloquent and influential Ulemas—the Mohammedan theologians and preachers—to go to the front with a view of elevating the morale and exciting the warlike ardor of the Turkish army at Tchataldja. This attempt to stir up religious fanaticism in the army was interpreted by some as a counsel of despair. A part of the appeal reads thus:

> With a view to exciting and encouraging the soldiers of the enemies who surround us, their priests, cross in hand, are working in the ranks of the army. It is not fitting that our Ulemas should neglect the accomplishment of a similar duty.
>
> In order that the victory and glory promised by the Almighty may be granted without delay to the Ottoman army, it is necessary that the venerable Ulemas organize a Jehad [a holy war]. Such a holy war has, moreover, become an obligation, if the condition of the Ottoman soldiers, who are all heroes, is to be strengthened.

The Turkish Government apparently regarded the conditions as an ultimatum. They were therefore summarily rejected. But they need not have been regarded as an ultimatum. Turkey could have made counter-proposals. Instead, to order an immediate resumption of the war is, to say the least, extraordinary on the part of a defeated Power. In their turn, the allied troops may now decline to treat further with Turkey until they can dictate sterner terms in Constantinople itself. Or they may arrange a treaty which will give to them all that they have conquered but will omit that which has not been conquered.

The Balkan War: The Allies

Another and chief reason why the Turks rejected the armistice proposals was doubtless because last week, for the first time since the war began, the Bulgarian advance received a real setback. The attack on the Black Sea end of the twenty-six Tchataldja forts seemed at first successful; indeed, as reported, a small detachment of

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Bulgarians even got beyond the forts and began its march towards Constantinople. But on the second day's battle it became clear that the Bulgarians were not prepared to make the further sacrifice of life which would have followed any attempt to storm the rest of the forts before their resistance had been destroyed by bombardment. And in the matter of bombardment the Bulgarians were at a disadvantage. They had to fire from a lower ground against the Turkish defense, and were further handicapped by being compelled to employ field artillery instead of siege guns. Thus they were held at bay by the heavier projectiles of the Turkish howitzers Finally, something went wrong with the Bulgarian transport. On the other hand, the Turkish supply and commissariat department had been relieved, and the numbers of Turkish troops had also been reinforced by the arrival of soldiers from Syria. The battle continued for most of the week, resulting in the retirement of the Bulgarians for a slight distance. This acted as a tonic to the spirit of the Turkish troops, and doubtless accounted for the summary nature of the Turkish Government's reply to the Bulgarian Government's conditions. As to the Servian advance, the news of the week chiefly concerns the victory at Monastir, the principal town and fortress in the interior of Macedonia. It seems that the brunt of the attack was borne by the Servian infantry, the men wading breast-deep in the water and the surrounding marshes. The Turkish troops were in great strength, their numbers being estimated at eighty thousand, reinforced by about a hundred field guns. The despatches say that the fight lasted four days and cost the Turks and Servians no less than twenty thousand each in killed and wounded. The Servians took a great number of Turkish prisoners. The Greeks have now occupied the town of Florina, to the south, and have cut off the Turkish rear-guard, numbering about thirty thousand men, retreating from Monastir after its capture by the Servians. Large quantities of ammunition and stores fell into the hands of the Greeks when they cut off the rear-guard. The gallant little Greek navy has, moreover, been busy, having occupied during the week the islands of Nikaria and Mitylene, or, as it is often called, Lesbos. Nikaria lies close to Samos, and received its name from Icarus, that famous mythological personage who was drowned between this island and Samos by flying so near the sun that his wings of wax melted. Mitylene lies off the west coast of Asia Minor, separated from it by only a few miles. As the population of these islands is nearly all Greek, their capture by the Greeks was welcomed. At the northern end of the lengthening war-line, of which Nikaria forms the southern point, the Montenegrins have been advancing by the capture of the Albanian ports, Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua.

The Balkan War: The Cholera

A more dreadful enemy has broken out in the Balkan Peninsula than is the Turk to the Bulgar or the Bulgar to the Turk—that common enemy to both, the cholera. While the Constantinople authorities have been able to keep this enemy out of the foreign quarters of the city, it has made ravages in the native quarters. In the army encamped at Tchataldja and at Hademkeui and San Stefano, half-way to the capital, however, the cholera camps have become terrible sights. Incredible as it may seem, in the endeavor to destroy the Bulgarian boast of a triumphal entry into Constantinople and the celebration of mass in Santa Sophia, the Turks have transformed that mosque into a pest-house. No less than two thousand cholera-stricken patients, it is reported, have been crowded within the walls of this former Christian temple. Outside the city in the great cholera camps, the Red Crescent Society is apparently unable to supply either bread or water, much less a blanket to cover the sick or a rest for their heads. It is supposed that several thousand died in these camps last week. Of that at Hademkeui a despatch reads: "The dead lie in heaps, . . . the faces drawn with the combined agony of thirst and the torturing pain in the vitals." There is thus greater necessity than ever to heed the appeal for funds made by the American Red Cross. It has already telegraphed tens of thousands of dollars to Constantinople, where the money is being spent in connection with the funds contributed by the various Red Cross Societies of Europe. But more money is needed at once. It should be sent to the Red Cross treasurer, Mr. Jacob A. Schiff, Red Cross Office, United Charities Building, New York City. In addition, sums sent to the American Red Cross for distribution by the Bulgarian Red Cross, the Servian Red Cross, or the Greek

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Red Cross will be immediately sent to the societies in those countries. With regard to the work of these societies, it should be remembered that the suffering is being greatly increased now that the Balkan winter has set in, with its heavy snows and bitter winds in the mountain regions. Americans in the Turkish Empire may expect the arrival before long of our own armored cruisers Montana and Tennessee, which have been coaling at Gibraltar. At present, in the Bosphorus, at Constantinople, the only American vessel is the little Scorpion. Meanwhile the American Embassy in the Turkish capital is being guarded by British marines! This is as it should be if we cannot guard our own embassies. In this case we should have had men at hand, both at Constantinople and on the Syrian coast. Trustworthy news from Turkey gave to the authorities at Washington plenty of warning.

The Chinese Republic: The Delay in Recognition

The fourth annual Conference held by Clark University on questions of foreign relations and the dependencies was wholly devoted this year —November 13 to 15—to China. The Conference included a considerable number of native Chinese: Mr. Wang, one of the officials of the railway from Peking to Mukden; Mr. Tsao and Mr. Kuo, advanced students; Mr. Yui and Mr. Chin Tao-chen, who spoke from intimate knowledge. Several missionaries stated their point of view, especially Dr. Edmunds, of Canton, and the Rev. Paul L. Corbin; Mr. Edward B. Drew, for many years a member of the Chinese custom service, gave a graphic sketch of Sir Robert Hart from personal experience; while half a dozen recent travelers, headed by President Eliot, stated the results of their personal observation. Among the variety of interesting discussions of trade, industry, education, religion, and personal characteristics of the Chinese, the two subjects which stirred up most interest and seemed to go deepest into the heart of the matter were the failure of the United States to recognize the Chinese Republic and the recent loan to China under the influence of the six allied Powers, both regarded by many of the members of the Conference as evidences of the Dollar Diplomacy which is new for the United States and has still to gain popular favor. We state as follows, in this and the following paragraph, the views expressed at the Conference in favor of immediate recognition. The question of recognition is tangled up with that of the assertion by European Powers of a sort of benevolent protectorate over China. Upon the face of it, any government in any country which has come into power by a national revolution, and has maintained itself for a full year, has a prima facie right to recognition, and the withholding of such recognition is not only an inconvenience, but a serious hindrance to the complete acceptance of the new government by its own people. The policy of the United States on this point has always been liberal, and well may be, inasmuch as this country was recognized in 1778 by France, while the Continental Congress, then the only National Government, was driven out of its capital, Philadelphia. Without the recognition and military aid of France the Revolution must have failed. In the discouraging period of the Confederation, when the United States had neither money nor credit, Holland, Sweden, Prussia, and Spain recognized and treated with the Republic of the United States. Toward the Latin-American Powers the United States reciprocated this cordiality to struggling young nations. We were the first to recognize them in 1822, an example speedily followed by other countries; in 1849 an agent was sent by President Polk with authority to recognize the Republic of Hungary, if he thought it likely to continue. Such weak Powers as Liberia, Hayti, Santo Domingo, the Central American States, were recognized, and re-recognized after revolution; and even infant Panama was recognized, it was said, before it was old enough to cry for help. Upon a basis of international law of precedence and of republican sympathy, the United States ought forthwith to recognize the Republic of China. There is here no question of two rival powers contending for government; there is no other claimant to sovereign authority in China except the present republican Government. It would be as easy, it was pointed out, to put a Japanese or an Arabian prince on the throne of China as to restore the Manchu dynasty. People say that the present Government is not really republican. But a nation which recognized the French Empire under Louis Napoleon, and is at present in diplomatic relations with non-republican states, has no right to insist that the new government of a country shall be republican; but simply that it is actually

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a government and is governing, as is the case in China.

The Chinese Republic: Financial Influences

The Chinese believe, and some of their representatives at Worcester did not hesitate to say so, that the delay of the United States in recognizing China is due to the connection of American bankers with the effort to control the finances of China. That point of view was undoubtedly strengthened by the straightforward and candid address of Mr. Willard Straight, formerly Consul-General at Mukden, and now the representative of the American bankers concerned. The facts as he states them were already substantially known to the public; the Chinese Government is in desperate need of funds for current expenses, to pay off the army, and to clear up arrears. At the same time it desires to build essential railway lines, and to carry out the much-needed reform of the currency. Mr. Straight says that the Chinese Government asked for a loan of three hundred millions, and was referred to the so-called "four groups" of associated British, German, French, and American bankers, by whom three conditions were laid down: (1) Loans must be made only through this combined syndicate, to which Russian and Japanese groups were speedily added. (2) Each of the groups was to participate in the profits to be had through the expenditure of part of this money by the Chinese Government in purchases from abroad. (3) The bookkeeping and the expenditures on public works were to be subject to the supervision of a representative of the banking syndicate. These conditions are hard and humiliating and cannot be avoided by simply refusing to borrow; because China must have immediate funds. When China recently attempted to make an independent loan, the six-Power group threw all its energy into preventing subscriptions; and the Russian Government aided by a pretense of demanding the payment of overdue installments on the Chinese indemnity for the Boxer war. Mr. Straight's address substantially claims that the bankers had a right to make the only loans to the Chinese Government; and every one of the six Powers (including the United States) appears to have used diplomatic pressure on China in behalf of its group of bankers. In this process there is an element of the comic, because neither the Japanese nor the Russians are prepared to put up their shares of the capital; and it is expected that each of them will turn over the greater part of its fifty million dollars to be subscribed by the four moneyed groups. Nobody can deny the right of the bankers to refuse to lend on what they think unsafe security, although it was understood that they were to place the bonds at a discount which would give them a handsome bonus—probably not less than twenty-five millions. What they are actually doing, it was claimed, is to enlist the six Governments in a combination which refuses to recognize China until the Chinese agree to finance their Government on onerous terms dictated by the banking groups, not for the advantage of the Chinese, but for the foreigners' profit. Some believe that the real reasons why our State Department now holds back from recognizing the Chinese Government have not been given to the public; but the American banking group certainly believes that their Government is aiding them in their financial deal with China. It is a dangerous thing for the United States to permit the Chinese to have even a reasonable suspicion that they are considered still, as they have been for seventy years, a source of profit and exploitation to other nations; and the United States cannot afford to pool its policy in China with other nations, every one of which is in possession of territory claimed by China. Nearly a month ago The Outlook expressed its hope that the Government of the United States would promptly recognize the Chinese Republic. It is only fair to add, however, that the State Department has announced that this Government is simply withholding its official recognition until the present provisional republican Government of China is ratified by popular suffrage.

The Industrial Development of China

The extraordinary and apparently rapid political changes in China during the last two or three years have created such a sensation throughout the Western world that the average observer has failed to note the fact that the industrial evolution of China has been equally extraordinary and significant. For thirty centuries China has been one of the great agricultural countries of the globe. An immense population has been maintained by the products of the soil, raised by the most careful and intensive processes of cultivation. An article in the October number of that very

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interesting periodical the "National Geographic Magazine" gives in a striking and pictorial form an account of the scientific way in which the Chinese employ irrigation and soil-enrichment to preserve the fertility of their densely populated area. The author of the article in question, the late Professor F. H. King, an agricultural scientist not given to making unsubstantiated estimates or statements, says that forty canals across the United States from east to west and sixty from north to south would probably not equal in number of miles the canals employed in China to-day both for transportation and irrigation. We often hear of the deforestation of China. It is unquestionably true that during three or four thousand years of populous life the Chinese have destroyed many of their forests. This was due perhaps to two causes: first, the pressing necessity for obtaining fuel and lumber; and, second, the fact that the Chinese had not discovered that trees may be cultivated, like crops. But in one respect the Chinese afford us an example of agricultural economy which is in striking contrast to our extravagant and almost criminal wastefulness. This example is in their work of fertilizing agricultural soils. Every farmer in the United States knows the value of stable manure. The writer of these lines is to-day, for example, within fifty miles of New York City, paying $2 a wagon-load for well-rotted stable manure, used in the development of a long-neglected field which he is seeding down in grass for hay. But the American people apparently have almost no conception of the value as fertilizers of the chemical elements in human waste or manure. In China these chemical elements are preserved and utilized with the utmost care. In China "the 400,000,000 of adult population send back to their fields *annually* 150,000 tons of phosphorus, 376,000 tons of potassium, and 1,158,000 tons of nitrogen, obtained from human waste," says Dr. King. He adds that "the people of the United States and of Europe are pouring into the sea, lakes, or rivers, and into the underground waters, from 5,794,300 to 12,000,000 pounds of nitrogen, 1,881,900 to 4,151,000 pounds of potassium, and 777,200 to 3,057,600 pounds of phosphorus per million of adult population *annually*—and this waste we esteem one of the great achievements of our civilization." What a lesson in extravagance! When the Chinese begin to devote to manufacturing the same care and precision which have characterized their agriculture for thirty centuries, there is no reason to suppose that they will not achieve an equal success. That there is a marked development of modern manufacturing in China is indicated by the following list made by the Shanghai "Times" of recent enterprises in China:

A new cotton factory with 20,592 spindles opened at Shanghai.
Electric lighting installations at Changsha, Hangchow, and Foochow.
A brick factory at Canton with up-to-date British machinery, capable of turning out 40,000 bricks per day.
A cement plant at Tongshan equipped with motor plant and new machinery, having a capacity of 500,000 barrels per year.
Two new flour mills at Chungking and Yunanfu.
A leather factory and tannery at Canton.
A match factory at Hangchow.
A large private printing establishment with foreign machinery started at Changsha.
A new paper mill at Hankow.
A rice-hulling mill at Changsha.

This list, of course, is not a catalogue of Chinese manufactures, nor even a complete list of all the new factories established in recent months, but it is here presented because it is an important and concrete indication of what is going on in China. We hope the directors of the Panama Exposition will lay emphasis in their Chinese exhibits on modern Chinese industry and agriculture rather than on Chinese ceramics and antiquities.

The New Minister to Belgium

The appointment of the Hon. Theodore Marburg, of Baltimore, as Minister to Belgium, to succeed the newly appointed Ambassador to Japan, the Hon. Larz Anderson, has a special element of appropriateness, inasmuch as Mr. Marburg was one of the three members of the American Committee on the Celebration of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Signing of the Treaty of Ghent in Belgium, who took part in the initial conference in London on the terrace of the House of Commons, which resulted in the creation of the British Committee and the choice of Earl Grey as its head. Mr. Marburg is the Secretary of the American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, and is connected with many other organizations devoted to the extension of the arbitration idea. He is a man of extensive business interests, and has devoted a large amount of time, effort, and money to the public service in his own city, as well as in wider circles.

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Private or Public Pensions for Ex-Presidents?

The announcement has been made by the Carnegie Corporation (the board of trustees formed two years ago to manage Mr. Andrew Carnegie's educational and other organized beneficent work) that it is proposed to establish a fund the income of which should be used to provide "a pension for each future ex-President and his widow, unmarried, of $25,000 per year as long as these remain unprovided for by the Nation." This last phrase suggests the comment which we venture to say will be made by the vast majority of those who read this announcement—namely, that if such provision is necessary and desirable it should be made by the Nation. The American people are not niggardly or unappreciative of services rendered. The very reasons adduced for the establishing of a private pension apply with double force as reasons why the Nation should assume its own obligations. These reasons, as stated by the trustees, are that ex-Presidents "may be able to spend the latter part of their lives devoting their unique knowledge gained of public affairs to the public good free from pecuniary cares." A provision intended to be delicate and thoughtful is that no application need be made by the proposed recipients, but that the provision established should be offered to them by the representatives of the donor. With full appreciation of Mr. Carnegie's generous desire to contribute to a much-needed reform, we think that the method which he proposes for the accomplishment of this reform has very serious objections. We doubt if the people of the United States can accept with comfort a proposal to make their Presidents the beneficiaries of private philanthropy. A not improbable and very desirable result of this generous proposal ought to be that Congress at the first opportunity should take up the need and usefulness of such pensions as a National question, and act promptly, as National dignity requires.

The Extra Session of Congress

It was not in the least a matter for surprise that the President-elect should announce his intention to call Congress together for a special session not later than April 15. What is surprising is that there should be any question in any man's mind as to the prime necessity of this action. Governor Wilson states two reasons for his decision: one, that the pledges of the party should be redeemed promptly; the other, that business should be relieved quickly of uncertainty as to just what tariff revision will be made. He might well have added another: that it should never be possible for a space of more than a year to intervene between the time of a Congressional election and the time when the new Congress meets to take up the problems intrusted to it by the people at that election. The absurdity of the present system is always brought most emphatically to view when, as in the present case, there is a change of party predominance. The Democrats were by the election which has just taken place put in power as regards the Executive and both branches of the National Legislature. Yet, if it were not for the plan of an extra session, there would be from early in November, 1912, to early in December, 1913, no way for the party to carry out its policies or to reply to the mandate of the people which puts responsibility upon the party. That Congress and the people should remedy this state of affairs needs no demonstration. Whether the plan, often proposed, that the Constitution should be so amended as to allow a newly elected President to be inaugurated on the first of January following his election is adopted, or whether some other shifting of dates be deemed preferable, does not matter. The essential thing is that a recognized absurdity should not be left untouched because of political inertia—that is, in common parlance, political laziness.

The Three Presidential Candidates

Mr. Woodrow Wilson has wisely escaped to Bermuda from the throng of office-seekers and the scarcely less insistent and irritating throng of voluntary advisers. There he can take counsel with himself and send for such counselors as he may wish to consult with. His task is an exceedingly difficult one. He owed his nomination to the aggressive action of Progressive Democrats, although the reactionaries and the bosses reluctantly joined in it, and his election would have been impossible but for his reputation as a Progressive. And yet to keep his party together and achieve political success he must have in his Administration from the forces which control the Democratic party in such States as New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Colorado the support which those forces gave to him in the nominating

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Convention. We do not take the gossip of the newspapers respecting Cabinet appointments very seriously, but, if there is any truth in that gossip, Mr. Wilson proposes to make a Cabinet of Progressive Democrats. We hope this is true, for we wish to see in America the issue clearly drawn between those Progressives who believe in a return to the individualism of the past and those Progressives who believe in going forward to a self-governing Republic, co-operating alike in city, State, and National administration for the general welfare. Mr. Taft, at the Lotus Club dinner last week, made a speech which, to use his own figure, may be regarded as his "swan song." In this speech he indicated two reforms which he regarded as desirable: the first involving a change in the written Constitution, the second in the National habit. The first was an indorsement of a plank in the Democratic platform. He would have the Constitution extend the Presidential term to six years, and, as the Democratic platform proposes, forbid a re-election. If he had made this suggestion six months ago, and accompanied it by the refusal to accept a second term himself, his suggestion would have carried a weight in the country which it now inevitably lacks. The Outlook does not think the recommendation a reform. Six years is too long for the term of a President whose Administration the people do not approve. It is too short a term for a President whose services the people wish to continue. The principal argument against a second or third term is the supposed power of the President to continue in office despite the popular will. This argument seems to The Outlook to have been finally overthrown by the recent Presidential election. The second reform which Mr. Taft proposes has for its object to bring more closely together the operation of the executive and the legislative branches. "The studied effort to maintain those branches rigidly separate is, I think, a mistake." We agree with him. The connection between the executive and the legislative branches, which is now carried on in non-public conferences, would be more efficient, and would be free from some of the present evils, if it were carried on in the open. This result Mr. Taft would accomplish by giving seats in the House to the members of the Cabinet. Whether this attempt to engraft on the American Constitution the English method would succeed is, we think, very doubtful, but Mr. Taft's proposition may at least have the effect of bringing before the American people for their discussion the question how to accomplish a result much to be desired. Mr. Roosevelt in two utterances has given emphatic expression to his faith that the Progressive party is to go on with its work by transforming the political campaign into a campaign of education. He expressed this conviction in a very brief address to the State Progressive Committee in convention in New York City, and also in a written letter to the Committee appointed by the mass-meeting of Progressives held in Boston, to which we referred last week. The following sentence from that letter expresses admirably the purpose and the spirit of the Progressive movement:

> We work with a feeling of the kindliest charity toward all our opponents, but with a firm resolution not to rest until this has been made both a genuine political and a genuine economic democracy, until justice has been secured to the weak no less than to the strong, until equality of opportunity is secured, and at least some rough approximation to equality between reward and service, until the burdens have been lifted from the helpless, from women and children and from overworked men, and until the souls of our people have got the upward lift that comes only with the vision of genuine brotherhood and the spirit of insistence by each of us, not only upon the rights of each, but upon the duties of each and the rights of all others.

The Bathtub Decision

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Bathtub Trust case and its order to dissolve the combination entered into in order to fix prices paid by the consumer and the jobber are of importance and value because they show that the plain provisions of the Sherman Law are not to be nullified by the specious pretext set up in this case. This pretext would make the rights of the owner of a patent override the duties of manufacturers as laid down by the Anti-Trust Law. Whatever doubt was felt as to the outcome of this case came from the decision of the Supreme Court last spring in the Mimeograph case, in which, contrary to the opinion of the Chief Justice and the minority of the Court, it was held that the owner of a patent on a mimeograph may compel a purchaser of the machine to buy from the patentee the paper and ink to be used on the machine. Far-reaching and extraordinary as this decision was, the Supreme Court has now definitely refused to

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carry it further by saying (as it was asked to do by the Bathtub Trust) that the power of the owner of a patent should include control by him over trade in the unpatented product of a patented machine or process. The scheme of these manufacturers who were trying to set up a monopoly was ingenious: they wanted to control the sale of enameled iron ware, and among them they owned the processes by which the enamel is applied to the cast iron of bathtubs and kitchen ware; they transferred the rights in all these patents to a young man without capital who was merely their dummy and agent; he issued licenses precisely alike in terms to the manufacturers to make the bathtubs; the manufacturers in turn made, or tried to make, these licenses a part of their contract with jobbers and to insist, not only upon a uniform price, but upon a price which should rise or fall as the manufacturers ordered. Thus the bathtub, which was not itself a patented article, could be, they imagined, controlled as to its sale with impunity. The case differs from the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust because the trade normally would follow lines of very severe and lively competition. This has been shown by the fact that since the methods above described stopped, while the case was awaiting decision, the prices of the product have fallen from twenty-five to forty per cent, while, so one of the Government's attorneys states, nearly all the manufacturers in this line are running their factories overtime and making money at the reduced prices. The central point involved is thus stated by Mr. Justice McKenna, who read the Court's opinion: "Rights conferred by patent are indeed very definite and extensive, but they do not give, any more than other rights do, a universal license against positive prohibitions. The Sherman Law is a limitation of rights—rights which may be of civil consequence, and therefore restrained."

Railway Accidents: Passengers

Some dreadful railway accidents have just happened. And what is singular, they have all happened on one railway system, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. And what is still more singular, several of them have happened upon a very short stretch of track which runs through a thickly populated region, namely, the track between South Norwalk and Bridgeport, Connecticut. On the whole road during the past seventeen months the following wrecks have occurred:

June 8, 1911, Fairfield, Connecticut, freight, 4 killed; disregard of signals.

July 12, 1911, Bridgeport, Connecticut, Federal express, 12 killed, 100 injured; careless engineer.

August 28, 1911, Middletown, Connecticut, passenger, 60 injured; spreading rails.

June 11, 1912, Clinton, Massachusetts, passenger, 8 injured; open switch.

July 15, 1912, Stonington Junction, Connecticut, passenger, 3 killed, 4 injured; collision.

October 3, 1912, Westport, Connecticut, Springfield express, 9 killed, 50 injured; crossover.

November 16, 1912, Greens Farms, Connecticut, Merchants' Limited, 19 injured; cause in doubt.

November 16, 1912, Milford, Connecticut, Portland express, 4 cars derailed; frog split.

November 17, 1912, Putnam, Connecticut, freight train, 1 dead, 1 hurt, 1 missing; rear-end collision.

November 18, 1912, Derby, Connecticut, freight train, 4 cars derailed; train jumped a frog in crossing through a labyrinth of switches.

In these accidents twenty-nine persons were killed and two hundred and fifty-eight injured. What have been the causes of these disasters? Nearly all have apparently been due to disregard of signals or poor equipment. Careless disregard of signals and poor equipment on one of the supposedly best roads in the world? This seems incredible. Perhaps the most notable of the above disasters was that which occurred at Bridgeport. After investigating it, the Inter-State Commerce Commission recommended certain reforms to the company. Had these reforms been put in operation they would, it is held, have prevented further casualties. Under the present law the Inter-State Commerce Commission unfortunately does not possess power to compel carriers to adopt hard and fast rules in connection with actual train operation. In the cases of both the Bridgeport and Westport wrecks the trains were operated, it was shown, without automatic control and went from one track to another over a short crossover at a speed of more than sixty miles an hour. Under these circumstances we are not surprised to read the announcement of the State Attorney at Bridgeport that he will prosecute the railway officials on the findings of the coroner, who charges criminal negligence in connection with the Westport wreck. In the Bridgeport and Westport disasters the coroner's jury, it is announced, found the railway either criminally negligent or jointly responsible

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with the engineer. Jail penalties for such a showing may not be amiss; but better still would be the enlargement of administrative power to enforce such reforms as will make such a condition impossible. Pending this, a road so well equipped in other respects as is the New Haven can at least replace its present crossovers by longer ones, and we are glad to hear that it is doing so.

Railway Accidents: Employees

The "Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Magazine" is an attractive publication. The subject-matter covered is varied and interesting, but nothing is of greater point just now than the discussion of safety. Mr. Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway system, was recently asked this question: "Where do you place safety in relative importance among the ends to be sought in the operation of a road?" He promptly replied, "Above everything else." That this is a first consideration is indicated by the "safety page" of the "Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Magazine." Each month it indicates the divisions of the road which make the most creditable showing as to immunity from injuries to employees. Most accidents to them, it finds, are due to failure of the human element—that is, to thoughtlessness or carelessness. For instance, during a period of nine months fourteen employees were killed in stepping off one track to another as a train was passing. Again, nine employees were killed while adjusting angle cock or air hose while the train was in motion, despite the rule prohibiting that practice. Moreover, nineteen employees were killed in train accidents; three of these accidents were due to defects, the remaining sixteen were chargeable to the fact that the rules were not rigidly obeyed. Furthermore, twenty-six employees were killed by not keeping a proper lookout while working on the track or while walking from the yards. "Think of these twenty-six experienced men losing their lives!" says the "Magazine." Mr. W. R. Moore, the Baltimore and Ohio agent at Chillicothe, Ohio, declares that "a man would be a fool to put his hand or foot in the mouth of a lion, thinking he could withdraw it before the jaws came together. . . . The man who will try to adjust a draw-bar when cars are approaching each other closely might as well take a chance with a lion;" and again: "If a physician should offer you five thousand dollars for your arm or leg for medical purposes, you would not sell; you would think him a crank for making such an offer; well, some of you take a chance every day by selling to the railway for a great deal less. The company wants to buy your arms and legs and is willing to pay a fair price for them, but it wants them fastened to your body." The company may also remember, however, that in a great number of accidents the carelessness of the brakeman is really and ultimately the carelessness or negligence of the organization.

A New Day in Prison Reform

Delegates from all sections of the United States to the American Prison Association's annual meeting at Baltimore, November 9–14, must have felt that a new day is dawning in American prison reform. At the meeting at Baltimore a special committee, appointed a year ago by the American Prison Association and composed of representative members of the Association, rendered a strong adverse report on contract labor, condemning particularly the Maryland penitentiary. It was pointed out that the so-called earnings of the prisoners, amounting to some $30,000 per year, were achieved at the expense of necessities which are allowed free of charge to the inmates of prisons in States with more modern systems of prison administration. Labor from sun to sun, absence of educational and recreation features, were condemned. The committee's report favored the application of a combination of the State use and State account systems of prison labor, whereby the State shall manufacture for its own consumption and that of its political subdivisions such products as are most readily produced in the prisons; and wherever the needs of the State are not sufficient to absorb the products they should be supplemented by products that can be used within the State where they are manufactured. The opinion predominated among the delegates who spoke that the principle of the contract system is bad. A number of delegates stated that they preferred even the contract system to prison idleness. Closely allied was the subject of relief of prisoners' families. The Association felt keenly the injustice of the enforced destitution of those dependent upon prisoners, but has marked out as yet no constructive suggestions.

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Defective Delinquents in Prison

The topic of feeble-mindedness and other mental abnormalities of prisoners had perhaps the largest share of space upon the Baltimore programme. Dr. Goddard, Dr. Fernald, and Dr. Healey, all of whom have made careful studies of defective delinquents, urged greater classification along psychological and psychiatric lines. Many wardens and superintendents still showed reluctance to accept the findings of the scientists as to the extent or nature of feeble-mindedness in criminals. There is probably no question receiving closer attention by the heads of correctional institutions than the problem of the defective delinquent. An interesting development in this connection is the recent appointment of Professor von Kleinsmidt, formerly of the Department of Psychology of De Pauw University of Indiana, to the position of Associate Superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory, the Board of Managers planning thereby to unite the sciences of sociology and penology in better methods for the reformation of the offender. Prison farms, farms for inebriates, tramp farms, and reformatory farms came in for extended discussion and for general approval. Here the problem is picturesque and often astounding. From all over the country came verbal reports from the platform that vicious and hopeless criminals were being trusted at a distance from the institution, were working hard, were often without guards, were docile and normal, and were doing a man's work. Warden Gilmour told of the transformation of the sullen, discouraged man at the Central Prison of Toronto into the busy, trusted farm laborer of the prison farm at Guelph. Warden Homer, of the latest New York State prison at Comstock, reported that several hundred men were trusted daily outside the prison, which is still without walls, and that as a reward of good conduct a Saturday afternoon ball game has recently become a regular feature. Similarly the District of Columbia and Kansas, Washington, Colorado, Arizona, and many other States are working prisoners at some distance from the prisons. Skeptics as to the new order foresee possible general jail deliveries and find it difficult to understand why the men have failed to run away. The Association passed unanimously a resolution condemning those recent accounts in the daily press that attributed the causes of the recent prison riots at Jackson, Michigan, and Rawlins, Wyoming, to the failure of humanitarian methods introduced as a substitute for the older and more rigorous discipline. The delegates to the Association felt keenly the injustice of blaming modern methods of humanity for conditions resulting from politics, inefficiency, ignorance, and inability to employ modern methods reasonably. The Association pointed to the remarkable success of modern methods in many of the leading prisons of the country to refute the news and editorial allegations which have been specially prominent in recent months. A feature of special interest was the local Maryland situation. On the opening evening Governor Goldsborough announced that he had recently appointed a commission to investigate the Maryland State Penitentiary and to present a plan for the modernizing of Maryland prison methods. The Governor stated his absolute opposition to the contract labor system. Commissions were present from New Hampshire, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and several other States. Noteworthy were the bearing and caliber of the majority of the prison wardens and reformatory superintendents, a stalwart group of good carriage, of large heart, and of businesslike methods and principles.

The Nobel Prize for Literature

The 1912 Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to Herr Gerhart Hauptmann, the German poet, dramatist, and novelist. This prize is part of a bequest left by Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish scientist, who died in 1896. By his will a large portion of his fortune was devoted to five annual prizes, each valued at about $40,000, to be awarded without distinction of nationality. They were to be awarded for the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry, in physiology or medicine, for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature, and for the best effort by a person or society toward the fraternity of nations and the promotion of peace. The last named is awarded at Christiania by a committee of the Norwegian Storthing or Parliament. The others are awarded at Stockholm by the Swedish Academies. The prize for literature has been conferred on the following persons:

1901, Sully Prudhomme.
1902, Theodor Mommsen.
1903, Björnstjerne Björnson.

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1904 (one-half to each), Frédéric Mistral and José Echegaray.
1905, Henryk Sienkiewicz.
1906, Giosuè Carducci.
1907, Rudyard Kipling.
1908, Rudolf Eucken.
1909, Selma Lagerlöf.
1910, Paul Heyse.
1911, Maurice Maeterlinck.

Herr Hauptmann may well feel a sense of pride at being included in such a list. He was born in Silesia, on November 15, 1862, and the honor of receiving the Nobel prize fell on his fiftieth birthday. Working on a farm as a boy and young man, Hauptmann employed his spare time in study. At length he was able to desert the plow for a university course at Jena. By the time he was thirty he had won an acknowledged place as a dramatist. His first dramas, such as "Vor Sonnenaufgang" (Before Sunrise) and "Die Weber" (The Weavers), set forth the condition of the lower order of day-laborers much as Zola or Gorky might have outlined. These depressing plays, however, were not merely examples of crude, stark, brutal realism; something like their shock was necessary to stir the slow-moving Germans to a realization of the condition of the working classes. When they did so realize it, they paid due praise to Hauptmann, and from that moment his career was assured. The later period of his career, beginning with his imaginative fairy drama "Die Versunkene Glocke" (The Sunken Bell), has been marked by mysticism as well as a high degree of dramatic and poetic idealism. Much of his work combines the repulsive with that which is beautiful and compelling.

The "Baptist Bible"

Under striking headlines several newspapers gave out as a bit of sensational news last week that the Baptists had banished Jonah's whale from the Bible and put in its place "a great fish." The impression of audacity on the part of the Baptists was deepened by the report that they had modified the Lord's Prayer. Evidently the reporters and headline producers had not even yet learned that the modified form of the Lord's Prayer which they ascribe to the Baptists is the form to be found in the Revised Version (New Testament) of 1881, which is used in numberless churches every Sunday of the year, and that the whale could not be eliminated from the Book of Jonah for the simple reason that no standard version of the Book of Jonah—neither the Douay Version, nor the King James Version, nor the Revised Version (Old Testament) of 1885—contains any reference to a whale. The "great fish" of Jonah has come to be called a "whale" simply because in the passage in Matthew which contains a reference to the Jonah story the common English versions use the word "whale." Even there the Revised Version puts "sea monster" in the margin. The basis for this sudden journalistic interest in the Bible—an interest which is all the more welcome because it bears with it evidence that it has been aroused where it is needed—is the recent publication of an "Improved Edition" of the Bible, based in part on a former version known as the Bible Union Version, and published by the American Baptist Publication Society. This version is the final result of labors that have extended over nearly thirty years. There are many variations from both the King James Version and the Revised Version, as well as from the Douay. For example, the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis are as follows:

The King James Version:

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Douay Version:

In the beginning God created heaven, and earth. And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

Revised Version:

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Improved Edition:

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was waste and empty; and darkness was over the face of the abyss; and the spirit of God was brooding over the face of the waters.

As for Jonah's whale, the Improved Edition simply substitutes in the passage of Matthew the "great fish" of the Book of Jonah, instead of the "sea monster" suggested in the margin of the Revised Version. It is true that the Improved Edition puts "immerse" in parenthesis after "baptize." This is not new. The Bible Union version was published

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in two forms, one using "baptize," the other "immerse." This edition simply puts them together as alternatives.

PROSPECTS IN THE BALKANS

In spite of obstacles raised by mutual distrust, both Turks and Bulgarians are, we believe, probably really desirous of ending the war in the Balkans. Under these circumstances it is reasonable to hope that terms of peace will soon be arranged—possibly before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers.

On another page those readers will find an interesting article by a writer who has made a long, careful, and intimate study of the Eastern question. In this article he forecasts certain ultimate results, some of them of a very radical nature, which he thinks may eventually follow what, if he is right, will prove to be much more than a local revolution. Without either indorsing or criticising his prophecy, we here attempt the task of telling our readers what we think there is reasonable ground to hope may immediately result from that revolution. We do not write here either history or prophecy. We do not undertake to tell our readers either what has been or what will be. We simply tell them what we think there is reasonable hope may be the present issue of the military campaigning now, we trust, about to end, and the diplomatic negotiating now begun

Bulgaria may follow the example set by Germany, which insisted at the end of the Franco-German War on entering Paris. Or she may follow the example of Russia at the end of the Russo-Turkish War, which did not insist on entering Constantinople. We hope that she will follow the example of Russia.

We hope that if Constantinople remains a Turkish city, it will be under some sort of protection and control from the European Powers—control adequate for the protection of all foreigners residing within the city.

We hope that Montenegro, Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria will be able to maintain in some form in time of peace that co-operation which has given them success in time of war. The difficulties in the way of federation are enormous, perhaps insuperable; but before this war the European Powers thought the difficulties in the way of co-operation would be insuperable. The statesmanship of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and of Prime Minister Venizelos of Greece, found a way to overcome those obstacles. We hope that the same enlightened statesmanship will find a way to overcome the apparently insuperable obstacles to political union. We do not hope for immediate federation, but we do hope for the establishment of such a relation between these independent kingdoms as will eventually lead to a united Balkan Empire. We do not think it is unreasonable to hope that, as the skill of a Cavour made out of separated kingdoms a united Italy, and the skill of a Bismarck made out of separated kingdoms a united Germany, so the skill of a King Ferdinand and of a Prime Minister Venizelos may make out of separated kingdoms a united Balkan nation.

We hope that Servia will secure a commercial port on either the Adriatic or the Ægean Sea, or on both. She needs such a port for her self-development, and she is entitled to it as a reward for her courage.

We hope that Albania will be a free and independent state until she chooses of her own accord to affiliate herself with the other states in the Balkan Peninsula.

We hope that the European Powers will at least not hinder, if they do not co-operate to promote, this development of the Balkan peoples into a united nation.

And we hope that Russia will get a free passage to the Mediterranean. Commerce is a great enlightener, and there is no one influence which would do more to bring Russia into fellowship with free and enlightened Europe than an ice-free port and a developing commerce.

We may add, as a reassurance to readers who have friends in Constantinople, that private advices give us good ground to believe that American and English residents in that city are not under such great apprehension for their safety as the American press has aroused in the minds of their friends here. As a concrete illustration of how little life in Constantinople has been affected, it is worthy of note that not only the college work at Robert College has gone on without serious interruption, but some erection of college buildings which had been begun before the war has not been halted. The most serious danger to foreign residents in Constantinople is from epidemic, and with proper precautions suggested by modern sanitary knowledge it is believed that it is possible successfully to guard against this danger.

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NO CAUSE TO WORRY

Two weeks ago, in the course of an editorial on the meaning of the Democratic victory, The Outlook undertook to indicate the pledges to which the American people have a right to hold the Democratic party bound. No one will deny that a party which commits itself to certain definite policies is under obligation, if put into power, to see that those policies are carried out. There may be, however, a legitimate difference of opinion concerning the extent to which such a party is under bonds. It is only the implacable partisan who will be captious in interpreting a party's promises. One who wishes to be fair will interpret such promises liberally. This is what The Outlook attempted to do, all the more because it does not believe that the methods which the Democratic party proposes will secure the ends of freedom and justice at which the Democratic party aims. The Outlook took pains to interpret the Democratic pledges fairly and to resolve every doubt in favor of the party that now must bear the responsibility for the government of the Nation.

With this especially in mind, The Outlook emphasized those particulars in which the Democratic party could not be held to be bound. One of these particulars it mentioned as follows:

> The people have no right to expect of the party any action tending to lessen the power of the bosses or to increase the power of the people—except in so far as the election of United States Senators by the people and preferential Presidential primaries may have some such effect. The Democratic platform is absolutely silent on this subject.

Stimulated by an editorial in the New York "Sun"—that assiduous universal censor—three or four correspondents have called our attention to the following declaration of the Democratic platform:

> We call attention to the fact that the Democratic party's demand for a return to the rule of the people, expressed in the National platform four years ago, has now become the accepted doctrine of a large majority of the electors. We again remind the country that only by a larger exercise of the reserved power of the people can they protect themselves from the misuse of delegated power and the usurpation of governmental instrumentalities by special interests. For this reason the National Convention insisted on the overthrow of Cannonism and the inauguration of a system by which United States Senators could be elected by direct vote. The Democratic party offers itself to the country as an agency through which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud, and machine rule in American politics can be effected.

Neither the "Sun" nor our good friends who have written us need worry. The moral obligations resting upon the Democratic party as a result of its victory are sufficiently extensive and heavy as they are, so that no anxious friends have any occasion to feel concerned because The Outlook has deprived the Democratic party of any burden that rightly belongs to it. If The Outlook committed an error, it was obviously through a desire to be scrupulously fair, and to include in the list of the burdens which rested upon that party none which that party had not clearly and willingly assumed.

In the light, however, of the remonstrance of these anxious friends, we have re-examined our statement, and still feel that it is justified by the facts, and that it relieved the Democratic party of no burden it can be fairly required to bear. The Democratic party has assumed no responsibility to end boss rule, or even seriously to attack it. Those who demand that it should do so are demanding that which it is not fair to ask of the party. The passage quoted from the platform does not refer to boss rule at all. The closing sentence of that passage can be fairly interpreted only in the light of the context. What it refers to there is made clear by the examples it cites—"the overthrow of Cannonism and the inauguration of a system by which United States Senators could be elected by direct vote." Oligarchical methods employed in the management of both houses of Congress are evils which call for correction, but they have only distant relationship to that very distinctive evil of American politics, the rule of the boss. The Democratic platform promises no relief from that form of boss domination which, for example, was described in The Outlook two weeks ago by Richard Spillane in his article "Driven from the City." The Democratic party might overthrow Cannonism and its successor, the rule of the caucus, it might, in addition, secure the direct election of Senators, and might even do more to secure the "exercise of the reserved power of the people," and yet leave the rule of the boss untouched. Those who regard this passage from the platform as referring to boss rule do not know, apparently, what boss rule is. Mr. Murphy, of New York, Mr. Taggart, of Indiana, and Mr. Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, know very well what it is, and for that reason the forces

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which they controlled were perfectly willing to vote for the platform that contained that passage.

Mr. Wilson also knows what boss rule is. He has had to deal with it in New Jersey. As we said in discussing this subject two weeks ago, actions speak louder than words, and, while the people have no right to demand that the Democratic party attack the bosses, they have the right to expect that Mr. Wilson as President will carry on his battle against the bosses as far as it can be carried without threatening his party with disruption.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Your definition of Christian is the only thing that ever grated on me. I am something of a purist, and believe the meaning of a word should not be changed. A Christian can be nothing more or less than one who believes that Christ is the Son of God and who follows in his footsteps. A Unitarian may be as godly, as holy and righteous a man, but he is not a Christian. C. F. F.

I do not find, in either the Century Dictionary or Webster's Dictionary, your definition of the word Christian. I do not think that the best usage of modern English justifies that definition. I am not, however, greatly interested in the question of how the *word* should be used. I am greatly interested in the question, What are the conditions upon which Jesus Christ accepted men as his followers and received them into his fellowship? A study of the four Gospels justifies, I think, the statement that he never made either an emotional experience or an intellectual belief a condition of such fellowship.

On one occasion his disciples were discussing who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. He took a little child and put him in the midst of the group and said to them: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." It is not to be imagined that this little child knew anything about the doctrine of the Trinity, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, or of vicarious atonement. The characteristic of a little child is not knowledge, but open-mindedness and eagerness to learn. The condition of entering Christ's fellowship is not knowing the truth, but eagerness to learn the truth. When a child of proper age applies for admission to the public school, we ask how much he knows, for the purpose of determining, not whether we will let him into the school, but where in the school he shall be placed. The Church has made the mistake of supposing that one cannot become a pupil in Christ's school until he has learned what Christ teaches. But it is not necessary that he should have learned what Christ teaches in order to enter Christ's school; it is necessary that he should desire to learn and should be willing to accept Christ as his teacher.

Very early in his ministry Jesus was teaching by the shore of the Sea of Galilee. The people crowded upon him, and he asked one of the fishermen to favor him by allowing him to use his boat as a pulpit. The fisherman consented, pushed the boat out a little from the land, and Jesus, sitting in the prow of the boat, talked to the people on the shore. Then he turned to the fisherman and counseled him to push out into the deeper water and cast his net for fish. The fisherman replied: "We have been fishing all night and got nothing; still, if you say so, we will try again." He did, with instant success that amazed the fishermen. When they had come to land, Jesus turned to the fishermen and said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men;" and it is said that "when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed him."

There is no reason to suppose that in this case these fishermen knew anything about the doctrine of the Trinity, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, or the vicarious atonement, or about any of the so-called essential doctrines of the Christian religion. But they had an open mind and were willing to learn; they had an accommodating spirit and were willing to put their boats at the service of a religious teacher; and, when the issue was presented to them, they were willing to leave their business and follow the spiritual aspiration which he had enkindled in them by his teaching.

In another case Jesus was passing through the city of Jericho. A tax-gatherer, small of stature, drawn by curiosity, climbed a tree to see the celebrated Rabbi. That he was jeered at by the crowd is highly probable, if crowds in that day were at all like crowds in our day. Jesus called him down from the tree and went with him to his home, inviting himself to be the tax-gatherer's guest. What he said to the tax-gatherer we do not know; but we do know that he could not have been a tax-gatherer under the Roman tax system with-

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out having been guilty of constant oppression of the people, and we know that before Jesus departed from his home Zaccheus promised to restore to those whom he had oppressed by false taxation fourfold, and to give half of what remained of his fortune to the poor; and Jesus upon this statement accepted him. There is not the least reason to imagine that Zaccheus knew anything about the Trinity, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, or the like.

On several occasions Jesus rejected those who came to him desiring to enter his fellowship. Once a rich young man came running, kneeled down in the road before him, addressed him in the language of reverence as "Good Master," and asked what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus put no questions to him respecting his belief or his emotions. He first put before him the ethical laws: Do not commit adultery, nor kill, nor steal, nor bear false witness, and honor thy father and mother; and when the rich young ruler replied that he had always complied with these laws from his youth up, Jesus prescribed for him the same condition which he had prescribed in the case of the fishermen, and which he had accepted when voluntarily offered in the case of Zaccheus: "Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and follow me."

It is sometimes asked whether, in order to be a follower of Christ, one must in our time sell all that he has and give to the poor. No! But he must, in our time, if he will be a follower of Christ, hold all that he has in loyalty to Christ, and use all that he has in such way as he believes will best serve Christ's purpose in the world. The question, how much of his income he will use for promoting the kingdom of God in his own family and making the lives of his own children rich and full and noble, and how much he will spend outside of his own family in promoting rich, full, and noble lives in others, each man must determine for himself, but he must determine it in the spirit of loyalty to Christ.

On another occasion three men applied to Jesus to become his followers. The first was jauntily ready to follow him everywhere, until Jesus said to him: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The second was ready to follow Jesus, but would first go back and bury his father. Jesus would have no promise of loyalty to be fulfilled in the future. The applicant must accept Jesus as his Master unconditionally, and afterward ask permission to go to his father's funeral. The other would follow, provided he might first go back and bid his family farewell. To him Jesus gave the same reply, for he would have no divided allegiance. In these cases the conditions of discipleship were absolute, unquestioning, and immediate loyalty to Jesus as a Supreme Master, but in none of them was there a request for an opinion respecting the character or the mission of Jesus.

On one occasion Jesus did ask his disciples, after they had been with him for more than a year, what they thought of him, and Simon replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and Jesus accepted this definition of his character in very explicit terms. But he not only did not make acceptance of this definition a condition of his fellowship, he did not even regard it as sufficient to admit to his fellowship; for almost immediately after, when Peter inveighed against the idea that Jesus' mission would involve his crucifixion, Jesus rebuked him in very vigorous terms, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me." Later, when he was washing the disciples' feet and Peter said to him, "Thou shalt never wash my feet," Jesus replied, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Couple these instances together and their meaning is clear. Believing that Jesus Christ is the Son of God does not make one a Christian, unless he is willing to follow Jesus even to the death and to obey Jesus even in apparently insignificant details. That acknowledging Jesus to be the Messiah and the Son of God does not of itself constitute one a Christian is evident from the fact that in more than one instance it is recorded that the devils, when cast out of the possessed, acknowledged his Messiahship and his divinity.

There are five words by which in the New Testament Christians are designated. To understand what these five words mean is to understand what is a Christian in the New Testament sense of that term. These five words are:

Disciples, or scholars.
Believers, or the faithful.
Followers, or soldiers.
Brethren, or members of the household.
Saints, or the holy.

A Christian is a scholar seeking to learn from Christ how to live. He is a believer, or faithful one, trusting in Jesus as Master and as friend. He is a follower or soldier,

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who has enlisted in Christ's service and given himself to carrying on Christ's work in the world. He is a brother, or member of the household, ready to work in co-operation with all other loyal followers of the Master. And he is a saint or holy one; that is, one who has given himself up entirely to Christ's service and is entirely possessed by the ambition to be Christlike.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THREE CAPITAL BOOKS OF THE WILDERNESS

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MAJOR Stevenson-Hamilton, the warden of the Transvaal Government Game Reserves, has written an entirely new type of book.[1] It is the first time that full advantage has been taken of his opportunities by any competent observer and writer whose good fortune has put him in charge of one of the great sanctuaries for the wilder forms of life that have been created in both the Eastern and the Western hemispheres of recent years. There have been plenty of good books about African game, some by professional naturalists, some by men whose interests were primarily those of the hunter; and it is a mistake to suppose that there is not room for other good books of this type. But Major Stevenson-Hamilton's book is far more than any ordinary hunting book can be. He deals with African travel; he deals with hunting; but the great value of his book consists in the notes on the life histories of the big game, as well as of the crocodiles, poisonous snakes, and some of the birds and insects, which give its peculiar character to the South African fauna. I know of no other book which contains as much and as valuable information on outdoor African natural history of an interesting kind. There are of course books by great hunters in which more information will be found upon some particular species of big game—lion, or elephant, or buffalo, or rhinoceros. But taking game in the aggregate, and other interesting animals as well, there is no other book I know which equals this. Take the account of the ratel or honey-badger, for instance, the most valiant and I am inclined to think the most interesting beast in Africa. Major Stevenson-Hamilton's work has been such as to enable him to make observations and investigations in a way that the big-game hunter pure and simple cannot possibly do, and in consequence he has added some really extraordinary bits of information to our knowledge of the ratel. Its partnership with the honey-bird is one of the noteworthy facts of natural history. Both the bird and the mammal have a peculiar and marked individuality in their make-up and habits; the whole life history of each is well worth studying, but their partnership in marauding against the bees is the most extraordinary of all. Normally the ratel feeds on vegetable matter, insects, and the like, yet Major Stevenson-Hamilton gives what seem to be unquestionable incidents of its attacking and killing adult males of the largest and most formidable antelopes. If attacked, it will fight to the death against any odds, and it is no easy work for even a lion or leopard to kill it.

Major Stevenson-Hamilton's position enabled him to note closely all kinds of incidents in the life of the great carnivores, the big cats, the hyenas, and those bush pirates the hunting-dogs. His running notes on natural history are enlivened by accounts of very interesting adventures—one or two of them in connection with lions were of a really extraordinary nature. Like every other competent observer—including the authors of both the other volumes here considered—he dwells on the extreme variability of character among the higher mammals. This is a factor always to be considered in speaking of dangerous game. There is a certain average difference in the danger of hunting lion, buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros, but this average difference is less than the very wide differences among individuals of the same species. On the whole, lions charge more readily than any other species; yet some can hardly be bullied into making any kind of a fight.

The account of the tame eland makes one regret more than ever that some government does not somewhere undertake the task of taming this splendid animal. The eland is probably by nature much fitter for domestic uses than are cattle. Unfortunately, as with the American bison, it lived in regions where

[1] Animal Life in Africa. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. William Heinemann, London.

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the natives never reached the stage of themselves taming species of wild animals. Accordingly in Africa, as in America, the tame animals that now flourish were taken over from races who had domesticated them through long ages, so that they had become entirely fitted for their work. At least two, and probably three, wild species of oxen proper were thus tamed, not to speak of the buffalo, the gaur or gayal, and the yak, in Asia, from which region doubtless the cattle-owners spread into Europe and Africa many thousands of years ago, just as within the last few hundred years they have spread into the Americas and Australia. The bison could unquestionably have been domesticated at least as easily as the other species of cattle were domesticated in the long-buried past, and the eland probably much more easily, and certainly very much more easily than the reindeer. In the case of the eland it is not too late now, although the work would probably have to be done by a government rather than by a private individual.

Major Stevenson-Hamilton is not only a keen observer and good writer as well as a good hunter, but he is also admirably fitted to give advice on the whole subject of game reserves and of preserving the wonderful fauna of the wilderness without interfering with the legitimate demands of the settlers in wild places. His book should be in the library of every hunter, of every naturalist, of every man who cares for the life of the wilderness. Moreover, it should be in the hands of every man who is awake to the need of preserving at least a fragment of that extraordinary wild life which vanishes before civilization.

There are all kinds of problems connected with preserving wild creatures, by the way, and one of the most important of them, of a totally unexpected kind, has come to the front during the last decade in connection with the wapiti, the elk, of the Yellowstone Park. The Yellowstone Park was always a favorite summer range of the elk. Under protection they have increased enormously in numbers. They summer within the park; although some of them winter within it, especially near its northern border, the majority tend to go out, especially to the south. All wild birds and animals of course possess a fecundity such that where natural checks are removed they increase in geometrical ratio. This is true of them just as it is true of tame animals; let any kind-hearted lover of animals remove all checks on the increase of, say, the cats or rabbits on his place, and inside of a year he will find this truth illustrated by practical experiment. Almost any species, if freed from natural enemies, increases so fast as speedily to encroach on the possible limits of its food supply, and then either disease or starvation must come in to offset the fecundity. In European game reserves the shooting tends to keep down any abnormal increase—although even in these game reserves overpreservation often results in stunting the development of the animal or exposing it to disease. In America hitherto the success of the effort to preserve the different kinds of wild creatures has not been great enough to cause us any alarm as to their over-increase, with the single exception of the elk in the Yellowstone Park. But this is a very serious exception. Elk are hardy animals and prolific. It is probable that a herd under favorable conditions in its own habitat will double in numbers about every four years. There are now in the Yellowstone Park probably thirty thousand elk. A very few moments' thought ought to show any one that under these circumstances, if nothing interfered to check the increase, elk would be as plentiful as cattle throughout the whole United States inside of half a century. But their possible range is of course strictly limited, and as there are no foes to kill them down, the necessary death rate is kept up by nature in a far more cruel way—that is, by starvation in winter. The suffering and misery that this means is quite heartrending. Every winter the wapiti herds that go south of the Yellowstone Park lose thousands upon thousands of their numbers by the long-drawn agony of slow starvation. The loss falls especially, of course, on the calves of the year, and the cows in calf—the very animals that under any proper system of hunting suffer least. From time to time well-meaning people propose that the difficulty shall be met by feeding the elk hay in winter or by increasing the size of the winter grounds. Of course there are circumstances under which feeding hay is not only proper but necessary, and it may be that there can properly be made a slight enlargement of the summer range of the elk. But as a permanent way of meeting the difficulty neither enlarging the range nor feeding with hay would be of the slightest use. All that either method could accomplish would be to remove the difficulty for two or three years until the elk had time to

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multiply once more to the danger-point. What is needed is recognition of the simple fact that the elk will always multiply beyond their means of subsistence, and that if their numbers are not reduced in some other way they will be reduced by starvation and disease. It would be infinitely better for the elk, infinitely less cruel, if some method could be devised by which hunting them should be permitted right up to the point of killing each year on an average what would amount to the whole annual increase. The herd must be kept stationary, and it should be kept stationary in some way that will work the least possible cruelty to the animals and will be of most use to the people of the country, especially of the States in which the park is situated. Of course the regulation should be so strict and intelligent as to enable all killing to be stopped the moment it was found to be in any way excessive or detrimental. There should be no profit hunting—that is, no sale of the meat or trophies.

Mr. Sheldon is an outdoor naturalist, a faunal naturalist, as well as a great hunter. His present volume [1] is one of a series he is writing dealing with the animals of Alaska and the Northwest, a series which when finished will give us more information on the natural history of the most interesting animals of the Northwest than any or indeed all other volumes contain. Mr. Sheldon and Mr. White —whose book I shall next consider—are big-game hunters of the best type. They are not professionals, but in point of hardihood, of skill in their craft, of ability to fend for themselves, and of readiness to meet every emergency and every risk, it is not too much to say that they are fairly entitled to come in the line of descent straight down from the Boones and Crocketts, the Kit Carsons and Bridgers, of the old days. Each of them by preference hunts entirely alone. Each is as competent to care for himself as any Indian. The book is admirably written by a man who loves the mountains, the great woods, and the stormy seacoasts, and who describes with power and charm what he has seen. He is the direct reverse of a game butcher; he cares nothing for a "big bag." He kills only what must be killed. His book is of practical value to naturalists.

Mr. Sheldon's book is most interesting, as well. Its greatest value consists in the account of his hunting trip after the huge bear of Montague Island, a bear which Hart Merriam has made into a new species—"species" nowadays having no such significance as in former times, it being a mere term of convenience. His observations of the habits of the big bear have a particular value. It is evident that nowadays these bears are not dangerous game in the sense that various African animals are to be considered dangerous game. The book is illustrated by exceedingly good and well-chosen photographs, and also by certain pictures of Carl Rungius's, which make us realize vividly that even the best photograph in no shape or way replaces or comes anywhere near replacing a really good picture by an artist who is himself a first-class out-of-doors man.

Stewart Edward White's book [1] deals with hunting-grounds as unlike those of northwestern America as can well be imagined. He too has written a notable book, and has given a fresh proof, if one were necessary, that the fact that many first-class books about hunting in a given region already exist in no way means that there is not ample room for another first-class book. It is totally unlike Sheldon's, except in the sense that both men have a great love for wild natural scenery and good power of describing it, that each is an observer as well as a hunter, that both are thoroughly hardy men whose deeds in no way resemble those of the mere holiday hunter. I am not running down the holiday hunter at all, for he may do the best that his opportunities allow: I am only pointing out that he must not compare himself with the man who can push boldly into the unknown and do all his work for himself.

Mr. White was for part of the time while in Africa a companion of Mr. Cuninghame, a professional elephant hunter, who managed my safari during most of my own trip in Africa, and Cuninghame wrote me that White was the very best game-shot with a rifle he had ever seen in his life. The account of some of his adventures with lion and buffalo is thrilling, and, moreover, it is so written as to give a real and satisfactory idea of just what it was that happened, and, without either understatement or exaggeration, of what might have happened if the powder had not been straight. Moreover, his account of his gun-bearers, of the natives they met, of the vast, strange, barren country through which he traveled, and of the great

[1] The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. By Charles Sheldon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] The Land of Footprints. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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beasts by which he was continually surrounded, is all most interesting. The chapter on the lion dance of the wild savages who were his porters is as vivid as anything of the kind in any book. And the following chapter, describing the precarious rise from the ranks of a porter with aspirations to become a gun-bearer, is not only very humorously told, but affords a practical illustration of some of the things which Mr. White does that make him a good hunter. Not the least interesting chapters are the two which describe the visit to Mr. McMillan's Juja Farm, where the fortunate visitor can relish, as probably nowhere else on earth, the experience of living in a house with every comfort and luxury, right in the middle of the teeming life of the African wilderness.

In the appendix Mr. White treats of rifles and equipment. In his protest against the needless luxury, in fact the cumbrous luxury, of present-day African hunting he is quite right. At the same time, in the outdoor sense of the word, Mr. White is a very "hard" man, and it would not be well for the average holiday sportsman to try to follow his example in cutting down the paraphernalia of African camping life, any more than in cutting down cartridges. Moreover, he is mistaken in thinking that all the men who use shorts and leggings, leaving their knees bare, do so for the sake of looks. Much the best hunter of my own party speedily adopted them, purely because he liked them; and he has used them since then, hunting sheep in the Mexican desert, and moose and caribou in the great northern forest. Personally, I cannot stand them; but that does not alter the fact that other people genuinely like them better than any other rig. It is rather gratifying to find that White used three rifles of the same kinds that I used—a Springfield, a 405 Winchester, and a double cordite Holland & Holland—and that he found that each of them did just what I found they did; that is, the Springfield was his ordinary weapon—his walking-cane, so to speak; the Winchester was his lion gun and the gun for the big antelope; while the Holland was for the few species of very heavy game. But I emphatically dissent from Mr. White's advice to take out only three cartridges for every head of game which it is expected to shoot. His own record was extraordinary, for he got about one animal for every two cartridges fired. I believe that the great majority of animals he killed cost him but one cartridge apiece. Moreover, the antelope of the plains were killed at an average of 245 yards, with a maximum of 638 yards. Now I am an ordinary shot, neither better nor worse than the average big-game hunter who has had some experience. But I could not begin to approach these figures. I did not ordinarily shoot at such long ranges, and yet I averaged about three times as many cartridges to a kill as did Mr. White. As a matter of fact, Mr. White at a hundred yards shoots about as well with a pistol as I do with a rifle. Unless the hunter going to Africa is a very unusually good man, I advise him to triple the number of cartridges which Mr. White thinks it necessary for him to take.

Mr. White hunts his lions in the most sportsmanlike style. I agree with him that rounding them up on horseback and following them on foot are the two most sportsmanlike ways. But when he speaks as he does about hunting them with dogs he should remember that it is an exceedingly difficult feat to train a lion pack with real efficiency, and that a pack not so trained is only a doubtful and occasional help. For a century hunters have employed dogs occasionally in chasing lions, and never with any marked success. It was not until Mr. Paul Rainey, an experienced bear hunter, introduced his pack of Mississippi bear hounds into East Africa that this method of hunting became a really startling success. Until Rainey brought his hounds to East Africa few people believed that anything could be done with hounds against lions. Then when Rainey had made his striking success most people jumped to the opposite extreme, and said that it was not a really sporting way in which to hunt lions. As a matter of fact Rainey's was a great feat—not quite as great as the feats of Buffalo Jones and his associates in roping lions, rhinos, and giraffes, but still a great feat. Wherever settlers are found lions must be destroyed, and the very few hunters able to train a pack as Rainey trained his can do more for their destruction than any other man. Of course, where it is desired to preserve lions it is wise not to let such a man as Rainey with such a pack as Rainey's go after them!

These are three capital books, written by three men of the best outdoors type, three men who are hunters, who are naturalists, who are keen observers and excellent writers.

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THE BALKAN WAR

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE TURKS

THE New York "American" prints in part an address delivered in 1905 by Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, from which we take this excerpt:

There is encamped in eastern Europe and western Asia a band of raiders, miscalled a Government, who have done nothing since they came out of Central Asia but rob and murder the unhappy peoples they have conquered, and who have unfortunately been treated by the European states as if they were a civilized Power.

The worst Governments in other parts of Europe at least profess to secure order and administer justice, and consult the interests of the governed. Those who rule Turkey do none of these things. The Sultanate would long ago have disappeared, being either overthrown by internal insurrection or seeing its territories partitioned among neighbor states, had it not been for the mutual jealousy of other Powers.

The "American" says:

While the views of the author of "The American Commonwealth" on the Eastern question could be expressed with perfect propriety, it would not be fitting that the distinguished diplomat should do so at this critical time; still it is fair to suppose that his views freely expressed in 1905 have not materially changed.

In the same strain the New York "Mail" says:

Strange that Europe should ever have deemed it desirable to save the Turk from expulsion! Strange that the destroyers of the Greek civilization; the ravagers of temples and churches and libraries; the authors and centuries-long perpetrators of the tribute of children; . . . the injectors of nameless shames, diseases, and corrupting vices into the blood of Europe; the perpetrators of the awful massacres of Chios, of Smyrna, of Cyprus, of Armenia, of Bulgaria; the pillagers of thousands of European villages and the outragers of myriads of European women—strange, indeed, that these monsters should fancy that they have the right to appeal to Europe for protection! The blood of countless thousands of murdered Christians cries out against such a doctrine.

No. . . . The Bulgarian at the door of Constantinople is Nemesis. He represents the overdue justice of centuries.

THE BALKAN FEDERATION

According to the Paris "Temps," the terms of a compact were signed last March, a compact which not only provided for concerted action against Turkey and the time for that action, but also outlined the division of the spoils of war. The Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press" says:

The Balkan powers plainly selected the time for their onslaught upon Turkey with the greatest care and the most skillful strategy. Choosing a period when Turkey had not had time to recover from the disastrous effects of a prolonged struggle with Italy, the . . . allies suddenly began a campaign which was evidently carefully thought out and well planned as the result of long deliberation.

A marked feature of the war was the excellent fighting of the Bulgarians, says the Buffalo "Express."

Their infantry has shown great steadiness, their artillery is credited with splendid work, and their generalship is of a kind not to be despised. It is known that Bulgaria made long preparation for this war, and evidently that preparation was thorough and wise.

The New York "World" points out the main reason why the war has succeeded:

The Bulgarians were operating in Turkey, but mainly among Bulgars and friends. The Greeks fought in Turkey, but among Greeks. The Servians invaded Turkey, but the welcoming villages were Servian. . . . Each nation marched to relieve its own race, with short lines of communication and a friendly folk about it. For this reason the advance information of the allies was perfect. . . . Wherever they went men of their own blood, beliefs, and national aspirations came to them from the side of the enemy.

Thus the Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel" concludes:

Military critics missed the mark in predicting that Turkey would construct another impregnable Plevna and hold up the Bulgarian armies, as it held back the Russian, and that the Asiatic reserves would then overpower the Balkan allies.

On the other hand, the allies' success has been so instant and continuous as to lead the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" to query: "When have events of such momentous import come with such stupefying speed?"

THE TURKISH DEFEAT

The Turkish press is pessimistic but defiant. The Constantinople "Tanin" thinks that, even if Tchataldja should fall, a new line of defense, beginning at San Stefano, could be organized. It adds:

All the population of Constantinople should work at the erection of these lines of defense.

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We ought to have a Corps of National Defense. Every one must fight, for it is probably the last time that we shall fight in Europe.

The Constantinople "Ikdam," however, which is supposed to have Government connections, urges the necessity of making peace. The result of another defeat, it says, would be not only the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, but the partition of the whole Turkish Empire.

According to the London "Times" Constantinople correspondent, cabling Wednesday, giving a statement from Kiamil Pasha, the Turkish Premier thus complains of the Powers:

A fortnight ago . . . we demanded mediation from the great Powers, with the object of concluding an armistice as a preliminary to peace. Several days passed before they decided to undertake the task of mediation in common. . . .

Had the great Powers without loss of time communicated our demand for an armistice to the allies, they would have taken serious steps to insure a cessation of hostilities, and saved the lives of thousands of soldiers who fell in the battles which have since occurred. . . .

Had the fortune of war been propitious to us, and had the Imperial army entered Bulgaria, would the great Powers have shown that indifference which marks their attitude to-day, or would they have forced us to quit Bulgaria, as once they prevented us from marching victoriously into Athens, and from retaining the territories we had conquered from the Greeks?

As to final peace terms, the London "Times" expresses the hope that Turkey will accept those offered, adding:

The Turks will do well not to be misled by the resistance they are able to offer at the Tchataldja lines. All the valor they can summon to their aid can never now repair in the slightest degree the territorial losses they have sustained.

Turkey's instinctive appeal to the Powers "was not unnatural, in view of the practice of the past," says the New York "Tribune," and it adds:

But now the past is indeed past. As a French wit has put it, "Old Mr. Status Quo is deceased."

Even if the Powers had listened to Turkey's appeal for help, says the New York "Evening Post," "it is doubtful whether the result would be largely different from what it will be if Constantinople and the Balkan States are left to settle matters between themselves." The "Post" then proceeds to point out another result:

This same reason makes the possibility of a European conflict much less probable than it would have been in case Turkey had been victorious. With the Balkan States as pawns in the game, the appetites and passions of the Powers might easily be aroused. With the Balkan States largely the masters of their own fate, there is obviously so much less matter for the Powers to quarrel over.

There must be, says the New York "Sun," three phases to the negotiations for peace:

First, Turkey and the allies must agree on the extent of territory the former is to cede to the latter, the conditions under which it is to be transferred, and the amount of indemnity, if any, one side is to pay to the other.

Next, the Balkan States must satisfy the mortgage of the European Powers upon the estate thus acquired. Austrian purposes for Albania and her interest in an internationalized Salonika must be met and satisfied. The Rumanian demand for "compensation" from Bulgaria for her passivity during the present war must be honored or rejected. Russian concern for the future of Constantinople, and perhaps for the opening of the straits to her Black Sea, must be considered.

Finally, the rival claims of Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria in Macedonia . . . must be reconciled before the new order is established in the Balkans.

THE FINAL DISPOSITION

Among the terms of peace offered to the Turks by the Balkan allies were, as reported, the following:

The surrender of the Turkish army.

The demolition of the Tchataldja forts.

The evacuation of Adrianople and the other strongholds now besieged by the allies.

The surrender of conquered territory and the payment of a war indemnity.

The Dardanelles to be opened to the commerce of all nations without restriction.

Constantinople to be put under international control, and Salonika to be made a free port.

"With regard to the visible facts of the situation," comments the Chicago "Inter Ocean," "these terms strike disinterested observers as both moderate and shrewd." It explains:

They are shrewd because they offer inducements against intervention by the great Powers of Europe in behalf of the beaten Turks. They avoid arousing national jealousies. They consider all the interests involved.

With regard to Albania, the New York "Times" thus counsels:

The erection of Albania into an autonomous state, under the suzerainty of Turkey with a Christian Governor, after the plan that has worked admirably in Lebanon, would be one means of utilizing Turkish influence, and preventing the confusion that would otherwise arise.

THE POWERS

Among the Powers of Europe, thinks the Missoula, Montana, "Missoulian," "there

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appears to be the honest purpose to let the Balkan belligerents have the fruits of their hard-earned victory."

As to the attitude of particular Powers, Austrian feeling towards Russia is reflected by the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse," which has always enjoyed a certain official authority:

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy has been appealed to for intervention between the two parties in the struggle on the Balkan Peninsula. This is a flattering offer, but it is impossible to comply with it until Russia changes her present policy. . . . While we do not covet an inch of ground which belongs to Russia, and we think that Russia has the same feeling towards us, . . . Russia is jealous of the power which we exercise over the south and east of Europe, . . . though in comparison with Russia's vast possessions . . . Austria's territory is no more than that little vineyard which the rapacious Jezebel wanted to add to her royal garden.

Russia's position is outlined by the St. Petersburg "Rossya," supposed to be a Government organ:

We cannot conceal from ourselves, nor indeed from others, the fact that the sympathy and friendship of Russia are on the side of those who are our Slav brothers both by race and by faith.

The St. Petersburg "Novoye Vremya" says:

Of course every thinking Russian sincerely wishes for the growth of Slavism, and would gladly support a policy leading to the ultimate victory of the Slav idea in the Near East. But . . . it would be naïve to think that the war will be with the Turks only. Of course, with regard to the Turks, the Serb-Bulgaro-Greek army might prove sufficient. . . . Even if the Bulgarian guns are never directed north or west, the war will really be with Austria just the same.

THE CHOLERA

Meanwhile a common enemy, the cholera, has attacked both the army of the Sultan and the army of the allies. Says Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph:"

No words can convey an adequate impression of the terrible ravages of the Asiatic cholera, carrying off hundreds of men in a day, and casting dread into the heart of a resolute foeman. A man may be perfectly well in the morning; a few hours later he is writhing on the ground in agony, and is a corpse by nightfall. Every road over which the troops move to the front is marked by a trail of corpses, or of men dying by the roadside. There are no medical arrangements of any sort. Once a soldier is seized with the cholera he is regarded by his comrades as a pest to be avoided. Those who fall are left to die where they drop. . . .

The scenes in the villages in the rear of the army pale into insignificance compared to the horrors of Hademkeui, the headquarters of the Turkish army, where the remnants defeated at Lule-Burgas were rallied. It is the men who went through the awful hardships and sufferings of the retreat after that battle, and who lived ten days on green corn or scraps of offal picked up as they marched, that yielded the greatest number of victims on the altar of Asiatic cholera.

The London "Daily News" Constantinople correspondent also gives a vivid story of the cholera horrors. He says the daily mortality is placed by some of the authorities at six thousand, but by none at less than two thousand. A well-known war correspondent said to him:

Of all the hundreds and thousands of men dragged here from Asia, scarcely one per thousand will return to their families, and their friends will never learn their fate.

"Turkish officers declare," says the Boston "Journal," "that the spread of the disease has made any real resistance to the invaders impossible, but also that it will effectually prevent the Bulgarians from crossing the line and occupying the district around Constantinople."

The cholera is a peril not alone to the two armies. Says the New York "Times:"

The cholera and typhus, which have attacked impartially the contending forces in the marshes about the Tchataldja hills, are as dangerous to the world as to the immediate victims, for their infection will spread unless checked on the spot. At best the resources of the Turkish administration to deal with the peril are inadequate, and those of the Bulgarians no less so. The former are demoralized by defeat; the latter are hampered by conditions of actual warfare, in which scant attention can be given to any but the men fit to fight.

With the cessation of fighting on the adoption of the armistice there will be opportunity for the splendid organization of the Red Cross to get in its effective work. The demand for all sorts of supplies and for trained men and women to apply them will be very great and very pressing. We in America are too far from the field of operations to send nurses or physicians. But we can send money, and we should send it without stint.

To this the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" adds:

The Red Cross organization of the world is human sympathy materialized. It ministers alike to the fallen friend and the fallen foe. When it asks for aid, the appeal of the Red Cross goes straight to the heart of the philanthropist, for real philanthropy is dedicated to the cause of humanity in the broadest sense.

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WHERE THE GUNMEN COME FROM

BY JAMES FORBES

The conviction last week of the gunmen who actually killed the gambler Herman Rosenthal, following the conviction of Becker, the former lieutenant of police, who planned the crime, makes this article of peculiarly timely interest. Mr. Forbes is the Director of the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy, and readers will remember his articles in The Outlook on the Yeggman, the Tramp, and the Ex-Convict.—THE EDITORS.

WE used to look to Arizona and Nevada for gunmen. But these sections having become civilized, we are compelled to fall back upon our own East Side for the supply of hired assassins. Years ago the old English and Irish thug of the "Red Leary" type obtained. These men usually inflamed themselves with liquor, and fought with their fists, brass knuckles, and the like. Later came the "guerrilla," the immediate predecessor of the modern gunman. His justification in the eyes of the politicians who "took care of him" lay in his ability to vote early and often, and to do such "rough-house" work as primary day in a close district might demand. Although he came into prominence only in the late '90s, the "guerrilla" is already a thing of the past. Though his memory be not sacred, even he was a less unsavory character than the more pretentiously styled "gunman" who has succeeded him. Although essentially a "rough-house" man, he fought with his fists, though his ethical sense rarely restrained him from kicking his victim. Nor was he unacquainted with the sandbag and blackjack.

The gunman is a new species in New York even among gangsters. He seems to be a product of the last decade. He has neither the burly physique of the old thug nor his aggressive courage. So he resorts to more refined methods—the revolver. The Western gunman, though a desperado, was never, or rarely, a hireling. But the fellows we have on the East Side to-day, whose profession is the six-shooter, are just the transplanted, slinking type of hired bravo of familiar Italian style. They have their regular prices for killing, maiming, or beating up. And the jobs are turned off very cheaply here.

Instead of the former thug, the Neapolitan bravo, the burly Apache in cap and blouse, or the sodden Hooligan of London, who lurks in dark corners and waylays his victim, we have in New York a dapper, black-haired, brown-eyed, sallow, sleek, well-dressed, carefully manicured person. In some variations of our old-time thug and in the picturesque assassins of other lands there was occasionally something that might appeal to the romantic side of us. But the East Side gunman lacks even the doubtfully redeeming quality of picturesqueness. He is essentially a coward; he is almost childishly profane, this accomplishment being necessary to overawe the broken-spirited people who are his usual prey. With the ferocity of the rabbit, he sports such appellations as are evidenced in the list of Rosenthal gunmen. He is the rat, the weasel type of man, undersized, wormy, not even approaching the wolf man in style. The quality of his courage is most accurately shown in his congenial business of beating up girl pickets in a shirt-waist makers' strike. On such occasions your "Spanish Louies," "Kid Twists," "Cyclone Lewises," and other doughty warriors of their kind, with gangs of rabbit-like retainers, all packing guns of large caliber, are most effective.

The New York gunman has no fight in him. He is a parasite upon the outlaw industries, and those whom he bleeds are wretches so degraded by liquor, drugs, and similar excesses as to be able to oppose no resistance even to his feeble will. It is the gunman and not the gun that talks. That he actually ever pulls a trigger, except to shoot a man in the back, is a matter for interesting psychological deduction. In fact, he presently becomes the victim of his own long-continued bluster. As a result of excesses, his inhibitory powers fail as the force of impulse increases, and presently the instrument of death in his hands comes into use—whether half-subconsciously or not. Swinging his gun with finger through the trigger guard, swaggering, bragging of "croaking this one" and "cooking that," he comes to believe himself a desperado. All sense of perspective is lost, and, steamed up all the time by drugs or liquor, stimulated by the glare of the lights, the jangling music, in the back rooms he infests, he is seized by an obsession to do the very thing that he has

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boasted of—to make good in the eyes of the gang.

Such artificial stimulation is necessary in our East Side silken, perfumed gunman, who is invariably a pander, and whose luxuries—for he demands luxuries, and would scorn the Spartan corn beef and cabbage and mixed ale of the "guerrilla"—are his tribute as the parasite of "Pretty Marian," "Cross-Eyed Lizzie," or the "Kansas Kid." Under these conditions, he is supposed to recognize the *quid pro quo* idea. He must play the cavalier—protect his dame. If she be arrested, he must bail her out. If the "Johnnie" she has in tow will not part from his "roll" amiably, the gunman must appear on the scene and supply the necessary impetus. Under pain of distressing scenes, he must at least pretend to live up to his oaths of fidelity to the fair one whom he has selected as his meal-ticket. But, being a rat at heart, he is never faithful very long. Inter-underworld feuds, with the beatings up and cowardly shootings typical of them, are continually occurring under the lash of some injured beauty's tongue.

Quite in keeping with his other drug-exhaled ideas is the gunman's absurd confidence in the power of the underworld to protect him through the police and the politicians. But the underworld is pathetically weak. It knows no such thing as coherence or concerted action. Each of its members is an extreme individualist, who, when his or her interests compel, will not hesitate to violate what is supposed to be a fundamental code, "Thou shalt not squeal." However, there is a fragment of reason in the almost childlike faith of criminal peoples in their ability to secure protection. Political exigencies have developed types of leadership in politicians who have stood, and still stand, the traditional sponsors for social outlawry, and whose ability as "fixers" is unquestionably great. The blind faith in the "Big Fellow" in New York, in the "Big Four" of Pittsburgh, and in kindred institutions throughout the country is justified in large measure, and reflects the modern tendency to commercialize even vice. But the slum politician, although he must protect his henchmen for the political strength their votes and those of their gangs afford, shies at including murder in the list of negotiable crime.

As a parallel to the New York gunman, even closer home than the Italian bravo, is the "highbinder." The On Leongs, Hip Sings, or Four Brothers tongs have difficulties to adjust in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, or New Orleans. Highbinders, paid by the job, are imported from some other city than that in which the tong execution is to occur. Armed with long blue-barreled .45 automatics, the sandal-shod Celestials come shuffling into the local Chinatown. The lobbygows (messengers) of their employers point out the victims. At a convenient time and place the fusillade occurs, and then the furtive, inconspicuous highbinder slinks back into the byways inhabited by his tong, and the white man's justice seldom strikes effectively. "A war of monkeys," in police parlance.

But even this type of the bravo has something about him superior to the East Side gunman. A slave, he carries out the mandates of his tong masters; for hire, it is true, but only incidentally for hire. He simply executes the justice of his tong, and no doubt is justified in his own eyes. There is no such code of ethics in operation with our gunman. He is but a cunning, dangerous beast, with certain menacing qualities for sale to any bidder, for any purpose. Having no stomach for fighting, he will, whenever possible, "double-cross" his employer, as in the very usual instance where gang leaders hire their retainers out to employers and labor unions impartially, as thugs in the same strike. Or again, having contracted with a chain of gambling-houses to supply gunmen for protection against raiders, they will, in collusion with the raiders, permit their gambling patron to be held up, and, after having pocketed his fees for protection, proceed to the division of the new spoils.

Most of the gunmen in New York are Jews or Italians. When we consider that both races are home-loving, and that the Jew in particular has withstood the disintegrative acid tests of civilization more successfully than any other race, it is surprising that from homes often patriarchal in type, the parents deeply religious and self-sacrificing for their children, the sons of such mothers and fathers should in a few short years deteriorate into the unmoral creatures of whom this article treats. What we have said of the Jewish home may be said in large measure of the Italian home, for, be it remembered, the Italian criminal is not the father of the Italian children of New York.

Is there, then, some evil influence peculiar to the city or country or climate, operating

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to bring about so sinister a transformation of type? Or is it a case of new wine in old bottles? Has the wine of liberty that has been fermenting so long in the races in the Old World suddenly found a destructive expression in the New? Is it something in the air that makes these children resent the rigid discipline so long imposed upon them in Europe? Is it the reaction from the Russian ghettos? Certainly this theory does not apply to the Italian children.

In the matter of the Jews it is a question how far the patriarchal family discipline that obtained in the Old World is possible in the New. There is a pervading resentment against restraint on the part of the young people growing up in this city that would have been regarded as unheard-of rebellion in the homes in Russia, or, again, in Italy.

Certainly this change is not due to congestion of population. The ghettos of Warsaw and Krakow are quite as over-populated as New York's East Side, and the outlet there for healthful ambition infinitesimal in comparison. In those two cities conditions of poverty are at least as bad as the worst prevailing in New York; yet gun-play is unknown. Perhaps the nearest approach to Jewish criminality (so viewed at least by the Government bureaucracy) in Warsaw and other Russian cities is the developing of the type of the Jewish intellectual who allies himself with the physical force movement against the Russian bureaucracy. But this does not imply moral deterioration necessarily.

What is it, then, that produces gunmen from these two excellent races? Is it the intensely stimulating atmosphere of the cities of Western civilization that brings out all the repressed forces of their nature? Is it the fact that commercialized vice carried on in tenement neighborhoods cheek by jowl with respectable home-loving families makes sin less hideous and at the same time suggests an escape from drudgery? Surely these influences are disintegrative, subversive of good morals; undoubtedly they account for the continual sloughing off, as it were, from homes of piety and happiness and forcing into the mire children of excellent promise.

Many are the gradations through which the sloughed-off product of the home passes. He does not become a gunman at a stroke. There is a period of apprenticeship preceding his final definite reception into vice and his naturalization among the outlaw citizenry of the underworld.

School environment, so far as school authorities can impose it upon the boy, is good, but how far this is offset by street environment is the question. Many experts consider street environment the vital factor in shaping the boy's character.

The street atmosphere of vice soaks into the boy or girl more or less rapidly according to temperament and the relatively close-knitted or loose-knitted moral fiber which resists or surrenders in greater or less time. The pleasures of the young on the East Side constitute one potent factor in breeding gunmen. The dance-halls down there have from their inception been largely in the hands of men connected either directly with commercialized vice or of so low moral standards that they have permitted what might have been innocent, healthful amusement to degenerate into license and immorality.

The boy or young man of the district, having passed through the public school, and now at work in a broker's office or as a messenger boy, is still unable to escape the atmosphere which stimulates and sophisticates before its time. From a day's exciting work he goes almost directly to the dance-hall or pool-room. Then the day comes when "Louis" or "Lefty" or "Whitey" is laid off from his job. If he still lives at home, he is afraid to go there and tell the old folks that he has lost his place. So he goes to a furnished room—one of the most fatal steps in the beginning of a boy's downfall, since here he almost certainly finds criminals who induct him into the ways of "easy money." He is either taught to pick pockets or given employment in some outlaw and degenerate profession in connection with gambling or other vice. As his nature feels the reaction and he seeks stimulants, as do all about him, he acquires the "hop" habit, probably, and then his descent is rapid, sure, and final.

Another thing to be considered is that underworld peoples are almost always deficient mentally, and defective in some physical respect. They are one-sided to a degree. The moral obliquity of gunmen and their kind is justified from the scientific and humanitarian standpoint. In another generation we shall very likely have, instead of widely advertised criminal trials, scientific tests by alienists, which will show in all instances, probably, that arrested mental development is symptomatic of the underworld.

It must be remembered that children who are at all defective are peculiarly subject to

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the criminal tendencies of environment. Childish vanity plays an important part. The only acts of children that are particularly exploited are their misdeeds. Now and then one gets into the papers on account of stealing, maybe, and is taken to the Children's Court and reprimanded. This makes a hero of him. Anything that is picturesque catches the child's eye, and gun-play, above all, is the most picturesque of crimes. When a man wields a six-shooter, and has his picture in the papers, that act may sow the seed in innumerable infantile minds of future gun-play.

There is no doubt that the great exploitation of the present disgusting Rosenthal tragedy has moved defective boys to emulate the exploits of the four unfortunates who are now close to the shadow of the chair. And it is important to note that, whether induced by such exploitation of the Rosenthal murder and its settings or not, a lively agitation is on foot to discover the defective children in the schools and secure for them such constructive training as will insure the fullest mental development possible in each case. As usual, the experts are divided, one opinion leaning strongly to the segregation of all alleged defectives in a central training school, and the other, and perhaps the more humane, standing out for no further segregation than special classes for such children in their own neighborhood schools.

We should note, too, in this general connection, great advances made in recent years in the physical care of school-children, such as free dental clinics, oculists' examinations, the furnishing of spectacles where necessary, and the strong movement on foot to furnish sufficiently nourishing lunches to underfed pupils. Granted a wholesome home atmosphere, the best development of the modern school plant on its social side, small parks and playgrounds provided, a cleaner municipal government which will remove from the child's vision and perception vice and ruffianism in their more obvious aspects, it must follow that, unless there be some latent moral lesion, the child can be steered successfully through the formative period of his life free from taint.

Comparatively recent additions to municipal activities possess in a high degree the preventive quality which successfully offsets evils inseparable from congestion. The authorities are alive to the danger of the gang tendency, and are trying to the best of their ability to work out some remedy. They are face to face with the adolescent period of the youth, after he has left school. But it is beyond the province of this article to attempt to adjudge the precise value of, or take sides in the great battle between the advocates of, environment *versus* heredity and temperament as the prime factors in determining disposition and conduct.

THE SAINT OF LITTLE BIRDS

BY ARVIA MACKAYE

We are sure that our readers will like to know that the author of this poem is the daughter of Mr. Percy MacKaye, the well-known writer of dramas, and is only ten years old.—THE EDITORS.

On the fresh first day of spring
  Will come Saint Valentine;
Every sort of bird he'll bring,
  That will nest in every vine.

Every bird a rose-red heart
  Shall bear unto his love,
So that they may never part—
  Robin, swallow, thrush, or dove.

Valentine, that blue-winged saint,
  Will bring the sunny Breeze,
That scatters buds and flowers quaint,
And wakes the drowsy humming bees.

He shall drive the snowflakes back,
  Trumpeting to them all:
"Spring shall follow in your track;
  Wait till winter, ere you fall."

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

CONCERNING

MR. ROOSEVELT

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"I grew toward my present position, not so much as the result of study in the library or the reading of books—although I have been very much helped by such study and by such reading—as by actually living and working with men under many different conditions and seeing their needs from many different points of view."

From an Editorial by Theodore Roosevelt in The Outlook, October 12, 1912

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Some Chapters from a Possible Autobiography

THE OUTLOOK has great satisfaction in announcing for publication during the year 1913 a series of papers by Theodore Roosevelt under the title "Some Chapters from a Possible Autobiography," which are certain to be of intense human interest. They will be not only of national but of international importance in their interpretation of a personality which during many years has probably attracted more widespread attention in newspapers, periodicals, and among the people than any other single personality of the present day.

The world knows Mr. Roosevelt chiefly as a statesman and public servant, as an orator and soldier and writer.

Only a few know him as a private citizen, and many of the personal experiences that have helped to mold his remarkable career are known only to his close friends and co-workers.

In these papers Mr. Roosevelt will talk with greater intimacy than he has on the platform, in his books, or in his editorial writing, and the American people, as well as the greater public, will learn about his experiences, his philosophy of life, and so much of his achievement as will illustrate why he has come to hold the views he now holds, and what he believes can be taught thereby to others.

They will meet him at close range.

Mr. Roosevelt, coming to the Presidency after his stirring experiences in the Spanish War, took the initiative in many of the most important events of our time—both national and international. These articles give him for the first time a unique opportunity to tell the history of these events as he saw them. The prosecution of criminal trusts, the settling of the Russo-Japanese War, the inception of the Panama Canal, the voyage of the American fleet around the world—these are

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examples of the kind of public events from which Mr. Roosevelt may choose subjects for narrative and comment.

There are many things which Mr. Roosevelt has learned not from books or from what others have told him, but at first hand—from life itself.

He was, for instance, a delicate and rather timid boy. He has learned to acquire health and courage by practice. He was a ranchman in the West, and one reason why he knows his fellow-Americans is to be found in the companionship he had with the sturdy cowpunchers of the old frontier. He has some strong convictions about social conditions. These he developed as a consequence of his experiences as legislator and as Police Commissioner, when he saw what those social conditions meant to living men and women whom he personally knew.

So through his life—as a boy on Long Island, as an undergraduate at Harvard, as a ranchman in Montana, as a member of the New York Assembly, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner of New York City, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Governor of the State of New York, as Vice-President of the United States, as President, as an army officer, hunter, naturalist, student of history, editor—he has always been a learner as well as a leader.

In these papers, beginning early in the new year, Mr. Roosevelt will tell some of the things he has learned and how he has learned them, telling them primarily with a view to the help that may thereby be given. This autobiography will afford keen satisfaction and high inspiration to the young people of the country, who are all especially interested in personal narrative of active achievement.

It is proposed that these papers shall be fully illustrated with portraits, facsimiles of various documents, pictures of buildings and localities, and other appropriate matter.

TO APPEAR ONCE A MONTH
DURING THE COMING YEAR IN

The Outlook

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AFTER TURKEY BREAKS UP—WHAT?

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

ALL the world is wondering concerning the consequences of the present war in the Near East. To many persons the despatches are largely a muddle of strange names, confused battles, and involved diplomacy. May a plain man find a clear trail out of this tangle? Readers not a few are asking to be told in broad, general, untechnical terms what really has happened, and what are the likeliest consequences. Clearly, great issues are involved. The public to-day, with its growing world mind, wants to be informed. With some diffidence, and having as my only warrant the fact that I have studied the situation on the ground through patient months, trying to see it from many angles, do I venture to restate the whole subject, endeavoring so far as possible to deal with the basic human factors.

It may clarify the geography of the story to speak, not of the Balkans, but of that bit of Europe at the extreme southeastern corner of the continent which juts down toward the Mediterranean, with the Adriatic Sea on the west and the Ægean Sea on the east. This peninsula is the little strip of Europe which the Apostle Paul best knew. It was to this region that he adventured when he heard in a dream the same cry that has caused the present war—"Come over into Macedonia and help us." It was to dwellers in the Balkans that he wrote his letters to the Philippians and the Thessalonians—Thessalonica being, of course, the city of Salonika which the Greeks recently captured. On this peninsula also the events of classical literature were chiefly enacted. Here Homer sang, and his Achilles fought, his Hercules labored, Socrates taught, Phidias wrought, and Paul preached. Some readers may study the scene of the war more intelligently from the map of Paul's journeys in the back of their Bibles, or from the maps in the classical histories which we knew during school days. This peninsula is the door through which armies and travelers have passed from Europe to Asia or from Asia to Europe during long ages, and consequently it is one of the oldest battlefields in the world.

In his heyday the Turk conquered it all, even to the city founded on the Bosphorus by the first Christian emperor. Little Montenegro, a mere spot on the map, with but a quarter of a million inhabitants, has been longest free from Ottoman dominion; for freedom is the birthright of mountain folk. Greece, down at the tip of the peninsula, won her independence nearly a century ago, and has ever since nursed the thought of vengeance against her ancient oppressor. Servia and Bulgaria more recently escaped from under the Turkish yoke. None of these four Powers has ever ceased to regard the Turk as their national, racial, and religious foe. If fuel were needed to keep alive the ancient animosity, it has been furnished in abundance by the Moslem oppression of the Christians in Macedonia. Lust and loot and bloodthirstiness have been always present factors in these atrocities. The Greek Church has seen to it that the souls of her members in the Christian states in the Balkans, and in bigger Russia beyond, should be harrowed by these tidings of persecution and massacre. One of the shrewdest of the American residents in the Near East said to me upon one occasion, "We shall never have peace so long as Moslems rule Christians." Unarticulated, that thought has been in the minds of millions of the subjects and neighbors of Turkey. Hence the war. Back of the fighting Christian states which took advantage of Turkey's internal chaos to precipitate the war, Russia has stood as mentor and guardian. Pan-Slavism and the devotion to the Cross which the Greek priests everywhere have preached, have been moving factors in Russia's conduct. The importance of her part in the present situation will steadily be discovered as the days progress. Russia means that in the conclusion of matters she shall have a free passage through the Dardanelles, and exert a dominant influence at Constantinople.

So much for the present war, with its dramatic victories by the Christian allies. Every interested person has expected grave consequences when the oft-prophesied and inevitable war in the Balkans should become an actuality. Now that the event has happened, even the man on the street sees the unlikelihood of a return to old conditions. Victorious armies cannot be dictated to by gentlemen in frock coats in foreign capitals. The Balkans have passed out of the posses-

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sion of Turkey. The primitive passions of a multitude of men have been unleashed. The deepest instincts of a long-suffering people, bound into oneness by common ties that are fundamental, have got beyond all barriers imposed by diplomacy. The victorious armies of the allies are as confident as the Crusaders of the Middle Ages that they are doing the will of God. A glimpse into the minds of the people is afforded by this letter from a Bulgarian woman to her husband:

> My dear Husband—Thou art right. Rejoin at once. Thou wouldst lose a day coming to embrace us. Go and do thy duty. I will pray for thee. God will not wish thee to leave nine orphans. Their innocent voices unite with mine for thy good and quick return. But do not worry about their future. He who watches over thee will watch over them also.
>
> If thou dost return, thou wilt find a loving, proud woman. If thou dost not return, know that the memory of thee will accompany me to the tomb. But I will find force to live and bring up thy sons and daughters, who will be the children of a national hero and Christian martyr.

Now, at last, the ancient prayer, "How long, O Lord, how long?" seems to be answered, and the power of Turkey shattered. The break-up of the Ottoman Empire at this writing seems inevitable and imminent. What will become of the pieces? Doubtless the Turk himself will go back to Anatolia, or Asia Minor proper, the land that was his home after he had spilled over from the uplands of Central Asia. In Anatolia, a fertile land of great possibilities, he will have a chance to work out his ultimate destiny, always in the salutary consciousness that the war-ships of the foreign Powers, insisting upon civilized behavior, are cruising in the Mediterranean. Instead of the involved problems of far-flung dominion, to which he has never been equal, the Turk, shorn of his distant territories, will have to learn efficiency, industry, and tolerance within his own Anatolia.

When we come to the question of the disposition of the major portions of the ancient Ottoman Empire, scarcely any two authorities agree. Nor is it necessary to tarry to discuss the exact limitation of the boundaries of the newly conquered Balkan territory. It will be apportioned among the allies, and the likelihood is that the Albanians, the oldest people in the peninsula, the descendants of the ancient Illyrians, may be given an independent existence.

First of all the problems is that of the fate of the city which was the first Christian capital and which Constantine called "New Rome," as he planted it on the Bosphorus, looking over toward Asia, which is less than a mile distant. Everybody who has felt the pulse of the Christians of the Levant is confident that, come what may, the cross will be restored to the dome of the Mosque of St. Sophia, and Christians will have full liberty in this city which is peculiarly theirs. Only an Oriental can understand the depth of the affront and ignominy contained in the fact that the Caliph of Islam has had his throne in the city of the first Christian emperor.

The jealousies for the possession of Constantinople are too powerful and too acute to permit of any one nation securing this prize. Germany has worked hardest for it (and it is perhaps fortunate that the mighty von Bieberstein has not lived to see the overthrow of all his great labors at Constantinople), and Russia most assiduously. Each is an effective block to the other, not to mention the interests which Great Britain, France, and Austria have in the situation. Probably Constantinople will be neutralized under the joint protection of the Powers. Russia's pet ambition to come through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, an ambition in which Great Britain has hitherto thwarted her, will doubtless be realized at this time. Such a great Power can no longer be bottled up. In this day of popular rights, nations as well as men must be accorded a square deal. It does not comport with the universal sense of fairness that Russia should be denied this outlet, any more than that Servia and Germany should be isolated. The rivalries of the Powers have a new factor to contend with in the intelligent, determined, and vocal spirit of a common world consciousness.

Having already lost Egypt and Tripoli, Turkey will be obliged to give up all her other outlying territory, which she has proved herself unfit to govern. At no time during the reign of the Turk have law and order and justice prevailed within her confines. In the distribution of the fragments, Russia will presumably get that section of Asia Minor lying north of the Taurus Mountains, north of the Mediterranean, north of Syria, and north of the Tigris River. Her frontier will be realigned to march with that section of Persia over which she now wields sovereignty. The ambitions of the Armenians for an independent kingdom in this region, which was once old Armenia, are doomed to disappointment,

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at least for the present; for this pathetic people, despite their mercantile efficiency, are without solidarity and without experience in self-government. Russia will be well content with this prize, which gives her all she can ask in the way of territory and rectification of her boundaries. Perhaps she will ask a port at the head of the Mediterranean, and no man knows what answer the Powers will make.

The present seems the hour of opportunity for British diplomacy to settle some of its most delicate problems. England's old contention for the control of the Mediterranean is no longer valid. She has really lost it at the present time. The immediate concern of Great Britain is to keep control of the Persian Gulf, of the Suez Canal, and of the Red Sea, and to thwart the German Bagdad Railway, which is pointed straight at the heart of India. The simple way out, and the likeliest, is for Great Britain to take Arabia, the most lawless part of the earth, and agree to subjugate it in the interests of humanity. Britain is the most efficient and experienced policeman in the world, and in the present instance has more at stake in Arabia than any other nation. There are manifest compensations for the difficulty of the task.

The high strategy of such a move becomes clear when it is pointed out that already Great Britain is the greatest Moslem power in the world. To insure the tranquillity of these subjects who have been sorely disturbed by the waving of the green flag at Constantinople, Britain needs but to take possession of Arabia, which includes Mecca, Medina, Kerbela, and Meshed Ali, the four great shrine cities of the Moslem world. Once these pass from beneath the sway of the Sultan, his power for mischief will be almost wholly destroyed. With a modern police system and modern sanitation introduced into Mecca, the physical welfare of the world will be mightily served, for this city is the greatest plague spot on earth. Great Britain would not only protect the caravan routes and guard the safety of the pilgrims, but she would also introduce a measure of religious tolerance that would doubtless result in the eventual opening of these sealed cities to travel and trade by Christians. This consummation would not be so undesirable to the Moslems of the world as might at first sight appear. As pilgrims from all corners of Asia have gathered in inns and about caravan fires, they have talked of the safety and liberty which exist under British rule; and a Moslem's religion is not strong enough to make him enjoy being pillaged and persecuted by fellow-Moslems, as is the experience of many visitors to Mecca.

Still another vast concern would be affected by British control of Arabia—a concern of such magnitude that to dismiss it in a paragraph does scant justice to the reader's interest. Mesopotamia, once the home of world rule, the fountain of civilization, and the granary of the known earth, is being reclaimed from the desolations which Islam brought upon it, by the engineering work of Sir William Willcocks. There should be a home and affluence for twelve million people within the area of the present irrigation scheme which is now definitely under way. Sir William himself told me in Bagdad that the two twin problems of the Mesopotamian irrigation scheme are security and labor. Under British rule the security would be sure, and from her Indian and Egyptian territories the same sovereign power could furnish an abundance of field labor accustomed to the problems of irrigation.

As if these reasons were not enough for the taking over of Arabia by Great Britain, and as the ships of the future are to burn oil, and as a fuel station in the East is a problem of first gravity, there may be pointed out the simple fact that the Tigris Valley holds the first known and still unmeasured oil-fields. It was from the bubbling wells of bitumen that Noah got the pitch for his ark, and Nebuchadnezzar the cement for his brick palaces. To this day the overflow of oil in this region covers the Tigris River for miles. Great Britain already has secured absolute right to the oil-fields of Persia. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company sends its roots very close to the British throne. Several other corporations have sought from Turkey concessions for these Mesopotamian oil-fields. Should Britain get them, she would have on both sides of the Persian Gulf an absolutely unlimited store of fuel for her ships of war and commerce. The region of the Garden of Eden would once again teem with cities if Christian sovereignty and enterprise were given to Mesopotamia.

Of all the territory in the Turkish Empire, the most precious in the eyes of the greatest number of human beings is that little strip of land lying along the northeastern end of the Mediterranean which we call the "Holy

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Land." Christendom and Judaism both have a peculiar and eager interest in Palestine. Here are the shrines of these two faiths. The soil of Syria was hallowed by the footsteps of the Man of Galilee, whom the world is to an increasing degree acclaiming as Master. Hungry-hearted Jews throughout the wide dispersion are also turning longingly toward this, their only fatherland.

Now Zionism is more potent than many persons know. It does not employ a press agent for all its operations. It plays a part in the world's diplomacy, through its control of financial channels, that is as potent as it is romantic. A single illustration suffices: Despite all edicts and restrictions and laws of expulsion, the Jews have remained in considerable number in Palestine. They and their friends will clearly be a factor in the settlement of the fate of this part of the Turkish Empire. The common mind of the world wills it so. The Jews themselves are not ready for a Jewish state. This strip of land must be controlled jointly by the Powers, and made open, under equitable conditions, to Jew, Gentile, and Moslem. Religious liberty must be realized in the land where it had its birth. It should not be necessary for the traveler to take a guard to protect his life from Moslem fanaticism as he enters the Temple area. Palestine is bigger than any nation, and all flags should become one in safeguarding the precious interests of this territory, which wields such sovereignty over the hearts of men.

Mention of Palestine calls up Germany's plight. German enterprise, especially as represented by the Emperor's visit in '97, has covered Syria with her trade-mark as a much-traveled suit-case is covered with labels. Observant travelers have said that Germany would surely get Syria. But this is no longer sure. Germany has overreached herself. She, more than any other nation, saw the value of Turkish territory. At high cost she made friends with the Turk. For his sake she turned her back upon Christendom, which had always made common cause against him. In high elation, Turkey accepted the friendship of Germany, which she thought to be all-potent. She favored Germany in concessions, as witness the Bagdad Railway; she bought German war-ships and German weapons, adopted the German drill and installed German drill-masters. Now, with a measure of justice, Germany has fallen together with the Turk. She has proved totally unable to serve her ally in the expected fashion. Her weapons and her strategy were unequal to those of the Balkan allies. Her diplomatic influence was not able to avert the war. She could not venture to prevent the humiliation of Turkey by her ally, Italy—and there is grim humor in this, because two years ago the Germans were talking seriously of substituting Turkey for Italy in the Triple Alliance! What remains to Germany territorially is hard to say. Her pre-eminent rights in the Bagdad Railway will in all likelihood be sacrificed. She will, however, have opportunity for free trade all over the Empire, under conditions more advantageous than existed with Turkey itself. In Anatolia, as well as in Syria, there will be opportunities for colonization. Possibly in Africa territorial compensation will be accorded by the Powers.

France and Italy already have their share, in Morocco and Tripoli, with free opportunity for commercial exploitation all over the regions that once were Turkey. Austria does not want territory, but she unquestionably will get to the sea and share in trade privileges.

The Triple Alliance has really become a Dual Alliance of Germany and Austria, and its potency has shrunken mightily. Italy is reported to be not over eager to renew the Triple Alliance, preferring a possible understanding with the confederated Balkan States and with Russia.

Great Britain, France, and Russia are standing together and dominating the situation. The outcome of present conditions, however territory may go and wherever sovereignty may run, will doubtless be liberty of travel and speech and research throughout these lands where graft and repression have been rampant for centuries. The peace of the Near East will be secure, and the riches of the Orient will be newly developed for the whole world. The archæologist may take his spade to the richest storehouses of antiquities, without fear of Turkish ignorance or vandalism. Best of all, in the thought of modern civilization, is the immeasurable emancipation that will come to millions of people within the boundaries of old Turkey, who have been suffering poverty and persecution incredible to the Western world. The largest task of social service before the human race at the present hour is the amelioration of conditions throughout the whole of that vast empire which for centuries has borne the name of the sons of Othman.

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THE SKIPPER OF THE MATRIMONY

BY WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

THREE long blasts on the fog-horn, and the Matrimony came wallowing out of the fog, bound in. Her skipper stroked his grizzled beard thoughtfully and looked over the slowly diminishing strip of water that lay between the Matrimony and the wharf. The Matrimony was not fast.

"Charlie," he said, in a deep and gentle voice, "I guess you may as well be shortenin' sail. We don't want to carry away any o' them yachts this time—not if we can help it. No, not if we can help it," he added, as if to himself. "But what is to be will be."

Accordingly Charlie, who was half the crew, stirred up the other half, who was dozing by the foremast. The skipper had the helm.

"Hi, Benny! Shorten sail."

And Benny bestirred him, and together they took in the jib and left it in a heap on the bowsprit. Then they lowered the mainsail, but did not stow that either; and it swung, a great mass of dirty canvas, utterly cutting off the view to starboard. The skipper was a tall man, and many a time he had made shift to see by standing on tiptoe. Perhaps Charlie counted on that. With the foresail alone they made steerageway, but not much more. She was not what you would call an easily manageable vessel, and the tide ran swiftly.

However it happened—whether it was the tide, or the preference of the Matrimony for progressing sidewise, or the jib's blowing out again, or the fact that this time the skipper was unable to see even when he stood on tiptoe—however it happened, they managed to carry away two of the yachts, moorings and all.

The skipper sighed. "Stop runnin' around, Charlie," he said, in the same gentle voice. "You ain't gettin' nothin' done. Better drop anchor right here, while we unsnarl 'em. I don't know's I care about tyin' up at the wharf." He sighed again. "I knowed it," he murmured. "What is to be will be."

A cat rubbed against his great boots, and he looked down. "Not now, Tommy. I'm busy."

It was well along towards sunset when he had the moorings set once more in their places. The fog, which had cleared away reluctantly about noon, was rolling in again over the hills and up the shore. The Matrimony lay at anchor, safely out of reach of the yachts, and the skipper sat on a coil of rope, leaning against the mast, his cats about him.

There were many cats: four or five full grown, though still young; as many more half grown, but just beyond the kitten age; and, strolling along by the rail with four kittens that were just able to run, came another. She paid no attention to the cats already present, and they seemed satisfied to let her alone. The skipper whistled shrilly, and, with a great scrambling, still another cat came rapidly down the mast and landed on the skipper's shoulder. He began trying his claws in the skipper's clothes.

"There you are, Tommy," said the skipper. "I knowed you'd be up there. There, I guess that'll do. Your claws get through, though I know you don't mean nothin' by it. And there's Mammy, too. She ain't what you'd call an affectionate cat, now, is she? Only comes out when it's feedin' time."

Tommy seemed to understand. At any rate, he rubbed against the skipper's curling whiskers, as if to make amends for Mammy's deficiencies.

"Charlie'll be back pretty soon," the skipper went on, "and I expect he'll bring something for you. I expect he will. This old vessel's the onliest home we've got, Tommy, and we must try to make it seem homelike. And if Charlie don't hurry a little mite it'll be thicker'n cheese here, and then he might get on some o' them yachts by mistake. That'd be onfort'nit, Tommy, onfort'nit—them yachtin' fellers havin' your dinner. Like as not they'd have it all ate up 'fore ever I c'ld stop 'em. Now I shouldn't wonder if that's Charlie I hear. I shouldn't wonder a mite."

Tommy jumped down and walked to the rail; and Charlie appeared, bearing a bundle, which he held high out of reach of the horde of cats. He handed the bundle to the skipper.

"Thank you, Charlie," said the skipper. "We're much obliged. And now you might see how Benny's gettin' along with our supper. Seems to me I smell somethin' burnin'. Like as not he's fell asleep. He's liable to, any minute. And, Charlie, we'll

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haul out at high water to-morrow mornin'. Four o'clock it is."

"What you goin' to do, Ike?" asked Charlie. "Paint her?"

"No," returned the skipper. His name was Isaac Thompson; but his devoted crew always called him Ike. "No. I don't cal'late she needs paintin' much. I'm goin' to calk her. She leaks a little forrard."

"Well," said Charlie, "all right." And he went his way.

As to the question of paint, whether the Matrimony needed any was a matter of taste. She showed no traces of it for three or four feet above the water, but her oak planking was sound. Most people might have wasted good money in paint, but not Skipper Ike. He kept her well calked; and what more could any skipper want? It was a question that evidently was not worrying him. He untied the bundle while the cats arranged themselves in a half-circle about him and gazed eagerly at it. Then he spread it open on the deck before him, and proceeded to give each cat a proper share; which they had no sooner received than each ran off with his own, growling, to find a spot where he could eat it without fear of molestation.

The next morning, at exactly high water, the Matrimony pushed her keel gently into the sand of a little beach on the far side of the harbor. The fog was still thick—so thick that one wondered how the skipper could find the beach at all. But he had even picked his place And he ran an anchor out ahead and set up a few shores, the men wading in the water up to their waists. Not that there was really any need of shores, for the bottom of the Matrimony was as flat as a scow's, but merely as matter of form the skipper set a few. Then they went aboard for their breakfast and to wait for the tide to fall, and, incidentally, to dry their clothes.

The calking was done to the skipper's satisfaction in time for the afternoon tide, and Benny took the anchor out astern. Charlie was paying out warp, and the skipper strolled forward to see how he was getting on. Charlie seemed thoughtful.

"Ike," he said, "he's a pretty old vessel, ain't he?" It was a peculiarity of Charlie's that he always spoke of any vessel as "he."

"Yes," the skipper answered. He was not offended, as many men would have been. "Yes, I cal'late she is. She was counted old—leastways, she wa'n't by no means new—when I got her. I've had her twenty-five year—twenty-five year come September. But she's sound, Charlie. And tight now. Twenty-five year 's a long time to look ahead to, Charlie, but it's short enough to look back on—short enough." The skipper's voice dropped to little more than a murmur. He was talking to himself now. "I guess I'll go find Tommy. You'll get along. Just a bit of a strain on that warp, and she'll float."

The skipper went in search of Tommy, but Tommy was not to be found, high, low, nor aloft. The old Matrimony was afloat and swinging easily at anchor when the search ended. The skipper looked worried.

"Charlie," he said, "I s'pose you ain't seen Tommy? No, I thought not. He must 've slipped ashore while we were busy. I'm goin' ashore to find him. You c'n rest easy here for a bit."

He landed on the sand and pulled the boat up. Then he stood, for a moment, undecided.

"I'll go up wind," he said then. "That's the likeliest way. And I hope I find him. But what is to be will be—what is to be will be."

The fog had blown in thicker than ever. The skipper sniffed it eagerly; it dripped from his beard and his clothes were wet with it.

"I love the smell of it," he said to himself, "and I believe Tommy does, too."

He could not see fifty feet, but he strode rapidly up the beach, keeping near to the water and whistling softly. He seemed shut in by an immense silence, as if he were alone in the world. The soft noise of the water was but a part of it, and when he whistled more shrilly, noises echoed all about him and the fog gave back strange sounds. At last he saw the cat, standing and waiting for him, tail in air and blinking lazily.

"There you are!" cried the skipper. "Come, Tommy."

But, though he patted his shoulder, Tommy did not come and jump upon it, as he expected. Instead, he turned about and walked away, looking back occasionally to make sure that the skipper was following, going just fast enough not to be caught.

"Well," said Ike, after trying a fruitless run for a short distance. "I guess you know what you're up to, which is more'n I do. So go ahead, and I'll come along."

There was not far to go. The cat had stopped by something that lay on the beach,

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a huddled shape. But the skipper had seen it already.

"A man, by the Lord!" he cried, under his breath. "And has he life in him? We'll see."

That shape did not appear to have life in it. It lay, just as it had fallen or the waves had cast it, on its face, the feet still in the water. If it had been left there by the tide, there was small hope.

Ike took hold of it tenderly to turn it, and his face showed swift wonder, for the body was warm and yielding. He bent to listen at the heart, and drew back quickly.

"Drunk!" he said, in disgust. "Dead drunk—and it's just luck that he ain't dead. A night here would 'a' finished him, he's that far gone. Well, Tommy, we'll just take him aboard. You ought to have a medal, that's what you ought, for life-savin'. It ain't your fault if he dies now."

So saying, he rolled the unconscious man over into his arms, and with the same motion he rose to his feet. Skipper Ike was a strong man, and he strode along now as fast as he had come. The body hung limp and helpless in his arms, head and feet dangling. He stopped for an instant to lift the dangling head upon his arm, and saw the face. He had not looked before.

"By the living God!" he cried, and dropped the body. It fell upon the sand, one arm crumpled under it. "Me carrying him! I'll not do it! I'll not! Let him die, as God meant he should. And I'll help him to it."

And he ran off a little way and came back carrying a stone in his hand—a huge stone, such as few men could lift. He raised it above his head, held it poised a moment, then let it fall into the sand.

"I can't do it. I ain't a murderer." He stood for some minutes gazing down at the helpless body that lay with one arm crumpled under it. "But I c'n leave him here," he muttered, "and let the night do its work—the night and the water. And I will. It was never meant that I should have to carry him."

He spoke earnestly, as if he were pleading. And, having finished, he turned resolutely and strode down the beach. But before he had gone fifty paces he faltered and looked back. The cat was sitting beside the body, blinking lazily.

"Come, Tommy," the skipper called; but the cat did not move.

"Come here, Tommy," the skipper called again, somewhat angrily.

The cat rose, took a few steps, stopped, stretched—and went back; and he began to dig in the sand close to the head, as if he would bury it.

Skipper Ike sat down and buried his face in his hands. "Oh, Tommy, Tommy," he moaned, "it's little you know what you done—findin' him—and stickin' to him. And I can't leave him so. I can't. If he could only have died so, an' me not knowin' to it till it was done! But I can't leave him now; 'twould be clear murder. Ah, well, what is to be will be."

So saying, he rose and again went to the body, his feet seeming to drag him there reluctantly. And once more he took up his burden, apathetically, without looking at the face; and doggedly he strode off down the beach. The cat ran along beside him.

Charlie leaned over the rail, looking into the fog. He heard the sound of oars, then the boat took shape. He watched it silently for a while.

"Hello, Ike!" he called. "Got him?"

"I got him," answered the skipper.

The boat was well under Charlie by this. "And what's that you've got besides? A man, is it, Ike? And is he dead or alive?"

"Alive, but near dead, too. I'll need some help, Charlie, getting him aboard."

Charlie gave him the help he needed, and they got the man aboard.

"It's dead drunk he is, ain't he, Ike?" said Charlie. "Give him a souse overboard, I say. And who is he, d'you know, Ike?"

Ike ignored the last question. "A souse overboard would finish him, Charlie," he answered. "He's that far gone. It's heat he needs, and to lay by for a while. I'll put him in my bunk."

And so he did, covering him deep in blankets, and left him. More he could not do. Then he went on deck to meet, but not to answer, many a question from Charlie.

"It's feedin' time for the cats, Charlie," was all the reply he would make. "Don't you see Mammy stalkin' along by the rail there?"

The next day the skipper was strangely silent. He was not usually silent, though he was never a garrulous man. The crew made preparations for going out again; and incidentally they discussed the man who lay, unconscious still, in the skipper's bunk.

"Who is he, anyway?" growled Benny. "Why, I ain't even seen him."

"Nor you won't, neither," said Charlie. "I ain't askin' no questions. Ike ain't told

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me nothin', and that's a sign that he don't mean to. But Ike knows him well enough. Well, it's queer, that's what it is. And now we're goin' out this afternoon, like as not."

"In this fog—thick enough to cut out chunks of it an' put 'em in your pocket?" growled Benny again. "Why can't he wait till it lifts?"

"It ain't a-goin' to lift till the moon changes in the west," answered Charlie, triumphantly, "and that won't be for a good two weeks yet. Ike told me so to-day. And what's fog to him? He c'n pick his way anywhere—in the thickest fog that ever blew in, Ike can."

Benny was silent for some while. "Well," he said at last, "I don't like fog, an' I just wish Ike didn't. An' I don't like his pickin' up that corp', neither, an' bringin' it aboard. It's bad luck, that's what it is. You'll see."

"He ain't no corp'," said Charlie. But he had his misgivings.

And Skipper Ike tended the "corp'" all day, until it began to show some signs of returning consciousness. Then he went out and closed the door softly.

"Not yet," he said, "not yet. I couldn't stand it yet. Maybe to-morrow, or soon, but not yet. I'm afraid I might do him hurt. I guess he'll get along."

And with that he went on deck. "We'll be goin', Charlie. Better get the anchor hove short and some sail on her."

And so they did; and presently, with frequent short blasts on the fog-horn, the Matrimony was under way, bound out. She was an engine of destruction, slow, but not less sure for that. Her skipper knew that well. He laid his course well away from the yachts, and she cleared the breakwater safely, but with none too much margin. They could hear the sound of the seas breaking heavily upon it, for the breeze was fresh, as it is apt to be in such thick weather. It made Benny nervous to hear breakers so near and not to be able to see them.

"That's pretty close, Charlie," he said. "It's too close for me. Ike makes me nervous sometimes."

"Huh!" answered Charlie. "You'd rather go aground to the west'ard, I s'pose. I ain't worryin' any. Ike ain't a-goin' to pile her up—not on any breakwater, he ain't."

"Well," muttered Benny, as he turned to the rail again and looked off into fog, "all the same, he makes me nervous sometimes. It's that corp' in the cabin, that's what it is."

"He ain't no corp'," Charlie said for the second time. But he did not speak with conviction, for again he had his misgivings.

And the skipper stood at the wheel all night, and he thought hard. He did not speak, except occasionally to Charlie, telling him to heave the lead; and, that done and the sample of the bottom brought up by the lead carefully inspected, he returned again to his silent thinking. Toward morning they began to hear the whistle of an occasional steamer feeling her way into port or out. The Matrimony always answered these by a long blast, and the skipper gave them no thought.

"Charlie," he called softly, in his deep voice, just as day was breaking, "have you seen Tommy? He ain't aloft, is he? I want to come about, and he's liable to get throwed off if he's up there. It's blowin' pretty fresh."

Charlie looked up at the shadowy masts. Tommy's favorite station was on the spreaders.

"I don't see him, Ike," he answered. "It ain't hardly light enough to make out much, but he came rubbin' against me a half-hour ago. That's the last I seen of him."

"Better stand by your jib, Charlie. I'm comin' about."

And the crew stood by the jib, and, with a thunder of shaking canvas, the Matrimony slowly came about. As she heeled to the wind a small body dropped from the gaff of the mainsail into the water, and it gave a cry as it fell. Charlie had not thought to look out on the gaff by the peak block.

That cry frightened Benny nearly out of his few remaining wits. "D'you hear that, Charlie? It's the soul of the corp', that's what it was! An' now bad luck 'll be comin' to us—comin' fast."

"Shut up!" cried Charlie. "It's Tommy, that's what it was, gone overboard. An' now Ike'll be goin' after him 's soon 's this bloomin' old vessel—'s soon 's he stops goin' to leeward. An' it'll be for us to take in the jib. You'll see. Better stand by your sheet."

And so it was. "I'm goin' after him, Charlie," said the skipper. "I couldn't leave him to drown, and me doin' nothin'. I shouldn't know no peace. You c'n lay to, here. Blow your horn once in a while, and I'll find you."

He was lowering their only boat as he

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spoke—the wheel was lashed—and soon he disappeared into the fog, astern. The sound of his oars rapidly died away.

"I hope I find you, Tommy," he was murmuring. "I hope I find you. You're a terrible worry, but she wouldn't seem like home without you. She went a long ways before I c'ld bring her up, but I did it as soon as I could. And I hope I find you, but what is to be will be. I shall ha' done what I could, and that's always a comfort. Yes, that's always a comfort."

He followed their wake as long as he could, but that was not long. The sea wiped it out, although the Matrimony left a wake that in ordinary weather was visible for nearly a mile. And the rowing was hard work, too, but he did not mind that. It was the fog that he objected to, for the first time in his life; the fog that narrowed his vision to a small circle in which the waves rose and fell with monotonous and provoking regularity. Search as he would, he could not see that small head for which he was looking. He listened until his ears ached—and heard nothing but the wash of the waves as they broke. A half-dozen times he cheated himself into thinking that he heard Tommy crying, and pursued the cry in vain.

The skipper sighed. "Well, Tommy," he said at last, "I guess I'll have to give it up. It's hard to do it, and hard on you, but you couldn't keep up a great while in this sea. I'll just try one more time."

That time he found Tommy. He pulled him into the boat, talking to him all the while, when he suddenly became conscious of the hoarse whistle of a steamer. He had heard it at intervals for some time, but had not heeded, so occupied was he with the search. But now it became an almost continuous bellowing; and in one of the brief intervals he heard the faint, scared toot of a fog-horn.

"That's Charlie," he said aloud, "gettin' in trouble. And I can't help him none. I couldn't get there in time. And what is to be will be."

As he made an end of speaking there drifted down the wind faintly a sound as of splintering wood. That was all. He heard no more the frantic bellowing of the steamer, only the measured blast of her whistle every minute or two. He listened for a few minutes to make sure.

"I guess that was the Matrimony, Tommy," the skipper said, "and we better get there soon 's we can. That won't be none too soon, against this sea. I hope she ain't hurt much, Tommy. Bowsprit gone, maybe, or such like; that's easy fixed—but not worse. I can't bear to think of worse."

The cat crawled, shivering, under his seat, and he began to row with powerful strokes in the direction of the schooner. There was nothing to guide him except his sense of direction and the wind, for the steamer seemed to have proceeded on her course. He heard her whistle now off on his right. He rowed on doggedly. Suddenly the boat was lifted high on a great sea, dropped into the hollow, and the next wave broke over the bow, wetting the skipper's legs and drenching the cat afresh. The cat cried out, and the skipper stopped rowing.

"Come up on the th'art, Tommy," he said, "out of the wet. That was, likely, the wave of the steamer. We're close on to her course now, and I'll follow her wake."

He began rowing again, and was soon in the broad wake, which he followed, knowing well that it would lead him straight to the schooner, if she were afloat. If she were not—but he could not bear to think of that, and put his fear from him. And while he hoped and feared his search came to an end.

There was no mistaking the signs. Here were broad stretches of yeasty seas on which the foam lingered. And here, close at hand, was a piece of the steamer's rail, but no sign of the Matrimony. Skipper Ike knew better than to hope.

"Cut her right in two, 'tis likely," he said. "Cut her right in two, she did. And Charlie and Benny—but they must 'a' had time to climb aboard. Well—" he sighed a long, shivering sigh—"well, what is to be will—no, it has been. That's the last of her, Tommy."

He put his hand on the cat and stroked him. Then he wiped his eyes. Suddenly he remembered the man who had been lying helpless in his bunk.

"I'm glad of it—glad of it," he said. "It's nothin' that I'm responsible for—his drownin'—and I'm glad."

A faint cry came to him, and he turned his head, then began rowing again. Soon he stopped rowing, and presently pulled aboard another cat.

"Now ain't that lucky, Tommy? It's Mammy, that's who it is. And I s'pose I'd better be goin' over the water to leeward, just as a matter o' form. For I ain't noways

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anxious to find him. But I see a splinter or two."

He rowed easily back and forth a few times. Then a something took shape out of the fog to leeward, and the skipper's heart sank. He rowed slowly toward it, but he did not talk to Tommy. In another minute he was trying to get a nearly helpless man over the stern.

"Here!" he cried, angrily. "Keep still, can't you? Don't swamp the boat."

The man was in at last and seated in the stern. He looked up as the skipper resumed his seat, and spoke weakly.

"Well, Ike—"

"Don't you call me by name."

The man smiled feebly. He seemed amused. "Well, then, as I was about to remark, here we are again, cats and all."

"It ain't by any wish o' mine," said the skipper, shortly. "Where's Charlie and Benny?"

"How should I know?" answered the stranger. "I have not the honor of knowing those estimable gentlemen. But if they are—or were—your crew, it seems very probable that they are now on their way to, let us say, Nova Scotia. Yarmouth or Halifax, I believe it was. I have no doubt that they had opportunity to take passage, although it must have been hasty."

He waited for a reply, but the skipper made none.

"No doubt you feel some regret that I was not drowned," continued the stranger.

The skipper nodded. "I do," he said.

The man seemed amused again. "Quite natural, quite natural that you should," he returned, amiably. "But I have followed your illustrious career, Ike— Ah, pardon me. A slip, I assure you. As I was saying, I have followed your career, at intervals of course, for a number of years, and I do not believe that you are capable of standing by and seeing a creature drown—a cat, for instance. I am. Now I should have seized the chance to see you drown, supposing you to be drownable, with some pleasure, not to say eagerness. It is somewhat of a mystery to me that you are—what you are."

The skipper glowered at him, saying nothing. And the man looked at the skipper for some minutes, with a sort of wonder in his eyes.

At last he sighed shortly. "But many things are mysterious, Ike—"

The skipper half rose from his seat. "By the living God," he said, thickly, "if you name me again—"

The man interrupted him. "You will do nothing. It is hard—impossible—to break up old customs instantly. Don't I know? You will pardon me if the name slips out now and then. As I was saying, Ike, many things are mysterious. Now, it is a mystery to me that your Charlie and your Benny should have allowed that steamer to cut us in two. You would not have allowed it. I would not. Sheer incompetence, Ike. For I am as good a man in a fog as you are. Confess it. Give the devil his due."

The skipper only growled in reply.

"I suppose I must take that as assent," said the man, "and I thank you for your hearty indorsement." He was silent for a moment, half smiling to himself. "The first thing I knew—the first thing for some days, I should judge—the nose of that steamer cut in alongside my bunk. Wasn't it fortunate, Ike, that it did not come a foot farther aft? It would have sliced me very neatly. Sharp things, those steel steamers. And I made up my mind right away that that was where I got off. I waited a long time, it seemed to me, for the steamer to withdraw from my room—very rude, to enter a gentleman's room that way, unannounced. But it did so at last, and I got off at once, taking the bunk with me. There was plenty of room to get out, plenty of room."

There was again silence between them, broken only by the hard breathing of the skipper, who glared fiercely at the stranger. The skipper was an elemental man.

"Your old hooker gave her a hard tussle," continued the stranger, chuckling. "Scraped some of the paint off her bows. Why, nearly the whole of the 'N. S.' dropped in on my bunk. That was how I guessed where she was bound. Lucky there were no ladies aboard, Ike."

The skipper rose at that, dropping the oars into the boat. The smoldering fire in his eyes blazed up fiercely. "By the living God!" he cried. "I'm a-goin' to kill you, Jim Doane," he went on, quietly.

There was no shadow of fear in the eyes that met the skipper's. Only a mild curiosity showed in the voice. "Now I wonder if you are," he said. "I have been wondering. In your place I should have done it long ago, when you found me—somewhere. I suppose that you found me. Now is an excellent opportunity—excellent. Nobody

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need ever know that there was a murder. Nothing about but the fog and the sea. But you missed your best chance, Ike. You should have known better than to take me in. You ought to have batted me over the head with an oar, or have rowed around me and then off. And a jeer or two, Ike. That's what I'd have done. Why," he said, chuckling again, "I almost swamped your old boat, but I hadn't the strength. I regret that I had not."

"I'm a-goin' to kill you, Jim Doane," said the skipper again, less quietly than before. "You robbed me of my wife—all I had in the world. Twenty-five years ago you stole my wife. I ought to 'a' killed you years ago. But I'll do it now." His deep voice, usually so gentle, rolled out the sentence. He looked about him for some means of carrying it out.

Doane was smiling. "Oh, don't look around, Ike," he said. "Use your hands. I promise to stay quiet. I wondered if I could poke you up to it."

The skipper had taken up an oar and held it poised.

"Don't use that, Ike," said Doane. "I wouldn't use that. Blood on it, you know. There'll be a question or two to answer. Use your hands."

A change came over the skipper's face. He put the oar down softly. "I can't do murder," he muttered. "I can't do murder." And he sat down on the thwart and buried his face in his hands. His lips were moving, but no sound came from them.

Doane watched him, the same amused smile on his face. "Can't do it, eh? Haven't the spirit of a—a—" He looked about and his gaze fell on the cats. "Haven't the spirit of a cat, eh, Ike? I knew you couldn't."

The skipper still sat with his face hidden; his lips moved on. A softness came over the face of the other as he watched.

"Ike," said Doane at last, gently, "you are a God-fearing man, which I'm not, and a good man, which I'm not, either. I wish to God that I was! And I ask your pardon for rousing you, and for—for—"

The skipper raised his face and again his eyes were fierce.

"Jim Doane," he said, "were you good to her?"

And Jim Doane met those fierce eyes evenly. "I was as good to her as I knew how to be," he said, "while she lived"

The skipper turned away for a moment; then he took up the oars again.

"It's a weary long way to shore," he said, without looking up. "I c'n do it with no trouble, but I'll thank you not to bother me with your talk. And, once ashore, our ways part for good and all. I hope I'll never set eyes on you again."

And the skipper began rowing. The cats shivered in the wind and snuggled closer to him.

THE TUG OF WAR

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Said the Bottle that was old to the Wine that was new:
"I was made long ago, ere the grapes of you grew;
So adapt yourself to me, and learn how to be content.—
It's unsafe and *demagogic* and OUTRAGEOUS to ferment!"

Said the Wine that was new to the Bottle that was old:
"The power that stirs in me is beyond your strength to hold;
Though I rend you into pieces, that power I shall fulfill,
For it's ferment that I must—and it's ferment that I will!"

There is something, it is true, in the Bottle's point of view,
But—the victory always rests with the Wine that is new.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Everybody's St. Francis. By Maurice Francis Egan. The Century Company, New York. $2.
Japanese Gardens. By Mrs. Basil Taylor (Harriet Osgood). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $6.
Bells and Other Poems (The). By Edgar Allan Poe. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.
She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.
Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood (The). By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.
Art Treasures of Washington (The). By Helen W. Henderson. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $3.
Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. By Edith Tunis Sale. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.
Castles of England and Wales. By Herbert A. Evans. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $4.
Tapestries. By George L. Hunter. The John Lane Company, New York. $5.
Broad Highway (The). By Jeffery Farnol. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.
Holiday Cards and Calendars. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A few of the more notable gift books of the season may here be noted. Any such survey should by all means include the just-published life of St. Francis of Assisi. In text and illustration it challenges the interest of old and young alike. Every year brings some new book about St. Francis. The present volume is by Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark. M. Boutet de Monvel's delightful pictures and Mr. Egan's equally delightful text are worthy of the handsome setting given by the publishers to the book. Let no one expect to find this a formal and complete biography. But, whatever it lacks in this direction, readers may expect to find it a genuine and just appreciation. The text quickly transports us to the mediæval life of Umbria, that country "of sweet and austere hills and valleys." There Mr. Egan is a lively guide, and there he shows us the lively lad who lived in Assisi. The boy owed to his Provençal mother that care-free vivacity which found expression in the jongleur ditties; perhaps he also owed to her some of that more divinely joyous later period which, despite its austere outward forms, found expression in sermons to the birds. Mr. Egan's is a volume for every boy and girl to read, for it is full of youth. And it is full of a real religion, the kind easy to those who are ever young. But those who have thumbed their Sabatier over and over again in the desire to know more about St. Francis should also read the book. Though it is a very "popular" volume—as its title shows—it has additional value in emphasizing the simplicity and economy of the means used by the Saint in attaining his purpose both as a religious and as a social reformer.

It seems a far cry from Umbria to Japan, but the charm of nature, people, and hills is found both in the Monvel pictures just noted and in those by Mr. Walter Tyndale in the volume on "Japanese Gardens." Certainly, among the year's holiday books this will assuredly find a very prominent place. For some time Americans have had a fad for Italian sunken gardens; they may now perhaps have another fad for Japanese gardens. Our returning travelers from Japan are enthusiastic about that fad, and the present volume reflects that enthusiasm. Mrs. Taylor's vivacious text and Mr. Tyndale's exquisitely colored pictures will make many a reader long to see Japan for himself.

In the usual holiday editions—often unnecessarily heavy to the hand—of the works of great men the year 1912 finds three which demand special mention. The first is an edition of Edgar Allan Poe's poems, the illustrations being by Mr. Edmund Dulac. The book is chiefly valuable because of these pictures, which, in most instances, will probably satisfy Poe lovers. The second volume is a large edition of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The illustrations are by Mr. Hatherell, and are remarkable alike for originality and harmony. The third volume is a large edition of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with illustrations by the always delightful and sympathetic Hugh Thomson. Those who have seen Miss Annie Russell in the present rendition of the famous play in New York City will have a special appreciation for these illustrations.

A volume on Philadelphia's Colonial homes represents the collaboration of Mr. Eberlein and Mr. Lippincott. We are all interested in Colonial architecture because that is the sort which seems to recall our American history the best, and we are all interested in the various existing types of Colonial architecture. Many of them are in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and the present volume is restricted to those in that vicinity. While the book will have a very special interest to Philadelphians, it will also have much interest for all students of architecture.

Another art volume, by Helen W. Henderson, has to do with Washington. There is an increasing feeling that, as Washington is our political capital, so it should be our art capital. At present it is excelled in the number and value of paintings, for instance, by New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities, and in the number of engravings and etchings by Boston. But, so far as sculpture is concerned, there are already some notable examples in Washington. Their number and quality are quite sufficient to call for description in such a volume as that just published by Helen W. Henderson. As to paintings, too, the additions to the Corcoran Gallery

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of Art and the actual birth of a real National gallery make plenty of text for such a book. Aside from sculpture and painting, the other art collections in Washington are interesting—especially that of pottery in the National Museum. The present volume, therefore, is a valuable guide for intending visitors to Washington, and contains much varied information of interest to everybody.

A capital book of very high class gossip is Edith Tunis Sale's account of "Old-Time Belles and Cavaliers." The belles range from Pocahontas to Betsy Patterson, and the cavaliers from King Carter to Count Rumford.

If the intending traveler to England and Wales would like to post himself on the architectural, domestic, and military biographies of the castles there, let him consult Mr. Evans's just-published volume. Despite its not over lively text it is an excellent compendium.

Mr. Hunter's book on tapestries will be indispensable for those who take a close interest in the history and technique of the ancient art and in the modern revival of the art. In such a volume naturally the illustrations play a most important part, and here the four color plates and the very numerous photo-engravings are admirable and in many cases unique. There is a fascination in finding in these pictured tapestries the stories of antiquity, the deeds of mediæval knighthood, and scenes from legend and myth. One of the best examples of the last class in this art is Burne-Jones's "Holy Grail," while among the old pieces one's attention is strongly caught by the Renaissance tapestry representing Ahab and Jehoshaphat. The book will be of the greatest use and interest to all collectors and connoisseurs.

We have received a sumptuous holiday edition of Mr. Farnol's delightful romance "The Broad Highway." The color pictures are tasteful and restrained, the format is suitable, and all in all the volume is exceptionally suited for presentation purposes.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. send us a large assortment of Christmas cards, art calendars, holiday oddities and novelties, small gift books, and other pretty and jolly things for holiday greeting. It would be impossible to consider them individually, but the variety and choice are large, and no doubt the publishers would be pleased to send special catalogues to those who are interested.

Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals. By Ernest Belfort Bax. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The fifteen essays included in this new volume by a prominent British Socialist are introduced by an exposition of his theory of ethical evolution. This differs from the oxthodox Marxian theory in acknowledging a psychological besides an economic factor in the sphere of intellectual and moral relations. Nevertheless, he holds that "the ethic of Socialism has not only no need of a personal Deity, but may well find a personal Deity in the way." We are further informed that in "the new social ethics" society has "no right . . . to interfere with the sexual liberty of the individual *per se*," but only on "the question of children" who may result from it, and then only on the ground of social utility. Mr. Bax's remarks on "continence," deprecating it as not good for the average man, do not accord with the best medical authority any better than with sound ethics. "'Continence,'" he tells us, "may be conducive to a 'virtuously' ascetic life, but it certainly does not conduce to a socially ethical life (at least for the vast majority of men)." There are Socialists and Socialists. Socialism does not stand or fall with the party of Mr. Bax, as religion does not stand or fall with the Church of the Latter-Day Saints of Utah.

Preacher (The): His Life and Work. Yale Lectures. By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

This latest of the long series of Yale lectures on the Lyman Beecher Foundation is a sort of Sermon on the Mount—a discourse from a mount of vision reached by an intensive and costly soul-culture. Thence speaks a prophet to a school of prophets on the grandeur and responsibility of their calling. He leaves no point in the life and work of the preacher untouched, but links the streets with the heights in the light of a sublime purpose irradiating drudgery and commonplace. Conspicuous are the danger-signs found set along the way to the heights at every possible divergence. Among the many volumes in this series none outranks this in inspirational value.

Tangles. By Margaret Cameron. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.30.

A book full of amusing tales told so skillfully as to excite attention and prevent the reader from skipping to find out the end. The people who figure in the droll predicaments are bright-witted and full of clever expedients. While there are both romance and mystery, the author holds to her sure and graceful course between undue sentiment on one side and an excess of complex detective plots on the other. She is a diverting, talented *raconteur*.

Origin and Antiquity of Man. By G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D. The Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, Ohio. $2.

The problem discussed in this volume is for geology to solve with whatever assistance other sciences can contribute. Dr. Wright discusses it with the ample knowledge gathered during his forty years' study of geology, supplemented by such evidence as history, philology, physiology, and psychology can give. The central point of interest is the evidence derivable from the story which geology tells of the glacial epoch, during which all the present northern centers of civilization were buried deep in ice.

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This period culminated, as Dr. Wright concludes, not more than twenty-five thousand years ago, perhaps less. He argues that "while the antiquity of man cannot be less than ten thousand, it need not be more than fifteen thousand years." This is a far lower estimate than most other authorities have reached. It is generally admitted that man existed *during* the glacial epoch, and this seems to be admitted also in Dr. Wright's reference to palæolithic men who "became extinct" under the rigors of that period. These, he says, and not the American Indian, were our "real aborigines." One must agree with him that it is unnecessary to allow immense time for the growth of Egyptian and Babylonian civilization. The being who can discover how to produce fire is not far separate from him who can build pyramids; when great geniuses are born evolution speeds. Of the hypothetical "missing link" between man and a lower creature Dr. Wright can find no evidence. All the continents are included in his survey, but most prominence is given to ours, and especially to our own land. The store of varied information he has brought together imparts a well-sustained interest in his elaborate discussion. It is apparently a supplement to his great work on "The Ice Age in North America," the fifth edition of which appeared in 1911.

Life of Mirabeau (The). By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The author (whose real name, we are told, is Miss E. V. Hall) in her "Life of Voltaire" made a notable contribution to the literature of biography; in fact, there are few biographies which surpass it in acuteness and readableness. Frankly, we do not find the companion work on "Mirabeau" equal in those qualities. The opportunity for a fine study of the subject was unique, but the difficulty of that subject was also unusual. The result is not so well proportioned nor always so clear as one could wish.

Call of the Brotherhood, and Other Poems (The). By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

There is a note in these poems not often struck in books of contemporary verse—the note of deep personal feeling. This feeling is so strong and so sincere that one is tempted to forget the form and to be aware only of the thought, so direct and transparently clear is the force of personality behind the lines. The poems carry the sense of profoundly felt experience or of passionately held convictions, and they are full of quick sympathy with human conditions. The poem which gives its title to the volume conveys the feeling which penetrates it in six lines:

> "If a frail sister slip, we must hold her;
> If a brother be lost in the strain
> Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
> We must love and lift him again."

If perfect felicity of phrase does not always wait on deep feeling, neither skill nor energy of expression is lacking in this volume; a warm, generous, high-spirited facing of the facts of life; frank, courageous, not without pain, but entirely without cynicism or fear. Two poems selected almost at random will convey better than any description the vitality of thought and feeling which gives this book of verse a vibrant quality:

THE GREAT QUESTION

> My heart is weary with the world's distress,
> The cry of those who struggle in the night.
> Oh, Lord, who sent thy Son for our redress,
> We pray thee as of old, "Let there be light!"
> I would not ask thee "Why," nor pierce the veil;
> All that I long for is to know, behind
> The torture, and the terror, and the wail
> Of human woe, there is no cruel, blind,
> Unreasoning Chance, that hurls us here and there,
> Victims of an insensate Tyranny;
> I would not ask the Cause, but this my prayer—
> To know there is a Cause for Misery;
> Could I but see the working of Thy Hand
> I should be willing not to understand!

TOGETHER

> I cannot leave you, ask me not to go,
> Love of my youth and all my older years—
> We, who have met together smiles or tears,
> Feeling that each did but make closer grow
> The union of our hearts—Ah! say not so
> That Death shall find us separate. All my fears
> Are but to lose you. Life itself appears
> A trifling thing—But one great truth I know:
> When heart to heart has been so closely knit
> That Flesh has been one Flesh and Soul one Soul,
> Life is not life if they are rent apart,
> And death unsevered is more exquisite
> As we, who have known much, shall read the whole
> Of Life's great secret on each other's heart.

Diaries of William Charles Macready. Edited by William Toynbee. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

When one takes up these two heavy volumes with their more than a thousand rather closely printed pages, one wonders whether most readers would not prefer a judicious condensation. The famous tragedian wrote voluminously, often feverishly. His personal likes and dislikes were never shaded, and the dislikes predominated. He was a colossal egotist, and an ingenuous one moreover; one can hardly open the book at a venture without finding the actor's confidential report to his diary that he had *never* acted this or that part so well as the night before. He knew many famous people on and off the stage, and talks of them freely and often amusingly. American interest will naturally center largely around Mr. Macready's accounts of his journeys in this country, of his feud with Forrest, and of the Astor Place riots—the latter a graphic bit of scene-painting. In reading such passages, whatever one's views of that disgraceful episode in American theatrical history, one forgets the superabundance of entries like "Went to Thomas and Gimler's to give orders," or "Met Mr. Penn, or Pell, and Mr. Griffiths." The forty-nine portraits are a valuable addition

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to the work. Despite its excess of matter, the Diary affords an excellent field for browsing here and there by the student of the drama and of English and American social life from 1830 to 1850.

Secret of the Clan (The). By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

One of the best stories for girls we have seen for years. It has both plot and incident; it is not priggish or preachy; the girls of this clan act and talk naturally; and, finally, the fun is contagious.

Rise of Roscoe Paine (The). By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

More ambitious and perhaps a little less amusing than most of this author's Cape Cod stories. We like all of Mr. Lincoln's books, including this one, but there are others among his books that we like better.

George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

The late George Palmer Putnam was a representative American publisher and a real citizen. In this double capacity he naturally took an interest in international copyright, and began his activity in that direction as far back as 1837. The present volume by George Haven Putnam should be in the hands of every one interested in this subject. It is a real contribution to the history of international literary relations. But the volume is far more than this. Its reminiscential value is very evident, especially to the men of letters and noteworthy characters of another era than ours. The value of the book in this direction may be gathered when we mention the fact that Mr. Putnam had personal relations with Louis Napoleon, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Talfourd, Élisée Reclus, Fredrika Bremer, Susan Warner, Longfellow, Dana, Emerson, Lincoln, Bryant, Curtis, and many another. The biography discloses a man of sturdy character, of high ideals, and of far-reaching sympathies.

German Memories. By Sidney Whitman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

Mr. Sidney Whitman has already instructed us authoritatively concerning Germany and Austria. In his just-published volume he tells us about German society in particular, and of himself as connected with that society—about school days in Dresden and about the famous men whom he knew later—the old Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke, Mommsen, Lenbach, Bülow. This is a book of genuine German atmosphere.

Kings and Gods of Egypt. By Alexandre Moret. Translated by Madame Moret. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The Outlook has already had occasion to commend "In the Time of the Pharaohs," by Alexandre Moret, and the just-published book by that author also deserves commendation. It is a popular account of certain representative figures in Egyptian history and worship. A particularly interesting chapter has to do with the Egyptian ideas of resurrection as symbolized in Osiris. Other chapters treat of the mysteries of Isis, but perhaps most interesting of all is a chapter on the indebtedness of Homer to Egyptian literature and art for certain passages in the Iliad and Odyssey.

Cardinal de Richelieu. By Eleanor C. Price. With Twelve Illustrations. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $3.25.

An interesting and scholarly account of the great Cardinal who did so much to break up the feudal system of France, convert the government into an absolute monarchy, and so unconsciously prepare the way for the French Revolution. The author, however, unfortunately assumes too much knowledge of European history in her readers, and has made a book which for this reason will not be as valuable to the general reader as it might have been.

Fifty Years of Prison Service. An Autobiography. By Zebulon Reed Brockway. Charities Publication Committee, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Brockway is recognized by all who know anything of the prison reform movement as one of the most practical and influential leaders in the attempt to make punishment reformatory rather than vindictive. The book may be cordially recommended both for interest and instruction to those who wish to know what in a Christianly civilized state a prison ought to be.

History of the Modern World, 1815–1910 (A). By Oscar Browning. In 2 vols. Cassell & Co., New York. $7.50 per set.

It is a pleasure to take up such large volumes as Mr. Oscar Browning's and find them so light to the hand. These books are thus admirable for popular reading in a double sense, for the text is clear, compact, and comprehensive, though not as vivacious as one might wish. The author's sense of perspective, however, is excellent, as might be imagined from the thirty years which he has spent in teaching history at Cambridge.

Gallant Little Wales: Sketches of Its People, Places, and Customs. By Jeannette Marks. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

There are not too many books on Wales. The latest is by Jeannette Marks. She seems to have breathed the atmosphere of Wales as if she had always lived there, and not as if she were breathing it from "outside." Hers is thus a delightful book in subject and style. The descriptions are of well-known picturesque regions in North Wales and of some of the most interesting aspects of present-day Welsh life. We hope that the author will soon follow her volume with a companion book about South Wales.

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BY THE WAY

Not long ago the Maxim "silencer" for guns was welcomed by military experts as an aid in warfare; now another silencer is announced, this one coming in the interests of peace—a device that is to silence the motor boat engine. The inventor, not content with this public benefaction, is, it is stated, at work on a silencer for noisy street cars; may his work be uninterrupted!

A Bureau of Labor was established in Porto Rico in September. This Bureau, says the "American Federation of Labor Weekly News Letter," will be of special value to the working people of the island. Labor conditions, the "News Letter" goes on, are steadily improving in Porto Rico; and as evidence it cites the fact that a daily labor paper has been successfully started.

A recent Pension Office report states that there were at the close of the last fiscal year 860,294 pensioners on the rolls, of whom 238 were widows of soldiers of the War of 1812. The last actual survivor of that war died in 1905, at the age of 105; the last surviving soldier of the Revolution died in 1869, aged 109 years.

Not since a baby fell out of a New York City elevated car window and landed uninjured in an astonished citizen's arms has a more curious accident happened than one that occurred last week on a Ninth Avenue elevated train. A violent lurch at a curve pitched a trainman from the car to the street below; but he alighted on an upholstered couch that happened to be on the sidewalk! The man's life was saved by the remarkable coincidence.

A periodical of peculiar interest to those who like to study physiognomy is "The Detective," of Chicago. It contains dozens of photographs of offenders against the law who are "wanted." Some of the faces are hard, many show simply stupidity, some are bland and agreeable in expression, and one, as the description declares, "has an innocent look" and the owner possesses "a soft voice, is a fine penman, and believes himself a poet"!

Our American dust is certainly brought nigh to European grandeur when the highest bidder at a New York City auction sale can become the owner of a real letter of Catherine de' Medici, written entirely by her own fair hand. Such links to royalty come high, however; $1,350 was the price paid for the letter at the recent Hoe sale.

Dean Stone, of the Columbia University Law School, criticises the methods of conducting examinations for admission to the bar in New York. They favor the man of photographic memory, he says, but keep out the more capable man who has reasoning ability. This obsolete system of examination, the Dean asserts, exists in no other State in the Union.

The crossing of the Delaware River by Washington just before the battle of Trenton, which was one of the turning-points of the Revolution, is to be commemorated by the purchase of the property on which the landing was made, and its use as a public park.

Captain W. I. Chambers's invention of a catapult device to launch hydro-aeroplanes from war-ships is characterized by Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss as "the most important achievement since wheels were put on land machines." The device, only thirty feet long, enables the aeroplane to fly immediately after leaving the ship's deck.

Rough-and-ready surgery, says Mrs. Arthur Colville in her book of African travel called "A Thousand Miles in a Machilla," is quickly learned by a traveler who accompanies a large caravan, with which slight casualties are frequent. Mrs. Colville's panacea was strong permanganate of potash in hot water, which she declares effected wonderful cures in treating sprains, bruises, and sores. Some other traveler in places where a physician cannot be reached may find this worth trying. It is, however, caustic, and, taken internally, a mortal poison.

Actresses are commonly reputed to wear "paste" jewelry on the stage. That some of them wear genuine diamonds, however, is attested by the new York City Custom-House, which recently assessed the gems of an incoming French actress at $327,000.

The problems of "Edwin Drood," Dickens's unfinished novel, have a perpetual fascination for the inquirer, like those of Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask, says the London "Athenæum." One problem, according to the "Athenæum," is settled by Sir Robertson Nicoll's recent book on the Methods of Dickens: it is that Drood was murdered. "If he rose again to confute Jasper, well-established human testimony means nothing," the reviewer concludes.

"The trouble about dramatizing novels," says William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, "has always been that the people who wrote the plays, and the managers who put them on, have been bothered about trying to reproduce the book exactly. I don't read the book at all. Then I don't have any trouble in telling whether I have a play." This apropos of the successful dramatization of "Little Women," as presented by Mr. Brady. The public, however, unlike Mr. Brady, no doubt looks for a degree of resemblance between the characters of a play and those that have made a book popular.

"Joe" Wood, the Boston baseball pitcher, during the past season attained an efficiency percentage of .872, which is said to be a higher average than any other pitcher has attained since 1875.

Times have changed since Captain Burton, sixty years ago, made a pilgrimage to Mecca at the peril of his life. A recent account of such a pilgrimage, by Mr. A. J. B. Wavell, says that with a passable knowledge of Arabic and of Moslem ceremonial, and with due precautions as to avoiding pilgrims from the country to which one pretends to belong, "the pilgrimage to Mecca may be made in disguise without running any risk worth mentioning."

One of the oldest dry-goods houses in New York City, that of Lord & Taylor, is to move to the new shopping district on Fifth Avenue. This is the fourth removal of the firm since its founding in 1826, and its successive removals register the shifting business centers of the city. It was first on Catharine Street, then on Grand Street, then on lower Broadway, and since 1872 at Broadway and Twentieth Street. The new store will have several novel features—among others, the attractive one that no goods will be sold below the street floor.

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